Trope: Blind Date AU (Hannigram AU & Spacedogs)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/12668160.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Adam (2009), Charlie Countryman (2013), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Nigel (Charlie Countryman)/Adam Raki
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Beverly Katz, Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Adam Raki, Dr. Frederick Chilton, Francis Dolarhyde, Jack Crawford, Margot Verger, Alana Bloom
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Omega Verse, Alpha/Omega, Alpha/Alpha, Omega/Omega, Tropes, Blind Date, Dating, Developing Friendships, Mistaken Identity, Awkward Dates, Bad dates, relationships with the wrong people (oops), Chance Meetings, Explicit Sexual Content, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Knotting, Knotting Dildos, Oral Sex, Frottage, spoiled dinner, Table Sex, Anal Sex, Sex Toys, Fluff and Smut, Happy Ending, o-spot, Exploration of sexuality, Alpha Hannibal Lecter, Omega Adam Raki, Everyone Is Gay, so very gay., Alpha Will Graham, Omega Nigel, Hannibal Extended Universe, Podfic Welcome, do not copy to another site, can be read as traditional or multisex omega
Language:	English
Series:	Part 19 of Trope Trope: Exploring fic tropes in an Omegaverse setting, Part 52 of ABO/Omegaverse Fics by TigerPrawn, Part 78 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics, Part 36 of Tiger's Hannigram AU fics
Stats:	Published: 2017-11-08 Completed: 2017-12-05 Words: 23,431 Chapters: 5/5

Trope: Blind Date AU (Hannigram AU & Spacedogs)

by TigerPrawn

Summary

When mutual friend Bev Katz starts setting brothers Will and Adam up on blind dates, none of them imagined how things would eventually work out. Least of all the equally single and totally date-able Lecter twins.

Notes

A Prompt fill for the wonderful Slashy and a gift to my wonderful friends (happy birthday, advanced, belated and on time)

A quick note on anatomy: When I first started writing omegaverse I was often either going with male omegas having anal sex, or just leaving it a little vague. Recently I've been writing them as intersex because that fits much better with the idea of I have of omegas in my head and works better for me as a writer. But it sort of stumped me in terms of "presenting" because the tradition is for male omegas to present for mounting, it makes more sense for them to have a prostate than a g-spot. Am I overthinking it? Probably, but the end result is that in this fic I ended up in a situation where I didn't feel it was right to use the prostate or g-spot... so, that would be the o-spot tag. Yup.

Chapter 1

“I don’t know about this.” Will muttered, already exasperated before he had even left the house.

“Hush.” Bev ordered with a smile as she straightened his tie. “It’s all arranged now.”

“And you are sure Adam’s date is at a different place?”

“Yes.” She tried to hide her grin. As amusing as Will could be about dating, she knew it came from being self-conscious about it, so she was going to do her best to keep him level about the whole thing. On reflection, Adam had been much easier to set up on a date, which she sort of hadn’t expected. He was peachy keen.

Will nodded. “Good, because it’s really stressful for him when we get mistaken for each other. He doesn’t need that on a date.” He didn’t even attempt to curb the gruff tone. He wasn’t going to hide that he was a little bit pissed off at the fact Bev - who had taken it upon herself to be matchmaker - had arranged the dates the same nights. He’d already reassured Adam he’d have his phone with him the whole time if he needed anything. He was sure half the time Adam was actually humouring him - he couldn’t help but be protective over his twin brother since their parents died.

He tried not to think about it. This whole situation was already pretty terrible. Adam had little experience at dating and Will had no real desire for it. But Adam had asked Bev to set him up, and she only agreed to do it if Will had a date too. She had purposely asked him in front of Adam too, so he got those big damn baby blues turned on him, and Bev knew he would rarely deny his brother anything.

“Stop looking so glum.” Bev playfully punched him on the shoulder. “He’s pretty butch for an omega, and I know you love a butch omega.” She grinned and winked at him. She was

beta, and they had been friends long enough for her to know his type. Even so-

“Bev!” He admonished.

“What?! You do!” She waved a dismissive hand and grabbed her keys from the table. She was right, he did, but there was something crass about saying it and he always wondered if the preference made him a kind of asshole.

Bev headed out the door and he followed.

Will Graham had been living with Bev Katz for a little over a year. They’d known each other since college and she was already living in California when he moved to Flintridge after his dad died. Her lease had been up and it was still an easy commute for her so they got an apartment together near Adam.

They had never been close, he had never really been able to work on that connection after his mom died. When their dad had remarried it put a wedge between them - she didn't like Will and he gave up trying all too easily. Instead he moved away. There had been a tenuous peace when he was off at college, but she seemed unhappy with his career choice - to go into mechanics after studying law and criminology was a waste as far as she was concerned. He had barely been in contact except for holidays and occasional visits with anyone in his family since then. It tore him apart, but he knew Adam was better off with their dad and would never do anything that might harm that relationship.

But when Bill Raki had died, leaving his twin Adam all alone in New York - Will had worried. Adam had been with a beta, Beth something, right after Bill died. It hadn’t worked out but she was the catalyst for him leaving New York for Flintridge and Will couldn’t argue with it. The move seemed to have suited Adam, and frankly, Will was happy to settle too - taking an apartment with Katz on the same side of town. His dad had them moving a lot as kids, and Will had carried on moving when he had settled with Adam in New York.

There was something good about being back with family, even if Adam didn’t need him all that much anyways. That had been a surprise, because Adam had always been so dependent on their dad. They were close - he had even taken Bill’s new surname when the omega had remarried their stepmom. But then, Will hadn’t actually been out to New York to see them since his step-mother left. That was something he felt like a shitheel over. After she drove them apart he should have gone back and seen his family once she had shown her true colours and left his dad for another omega. But Will had been too goddam stubborn, too much of an asshole.

“Will, I said we’re here.” Bev poked his arm painfully and he realised they had pulled up outside a restaurant. “Okay, so his name’s Nigel, the table is booked in your name. Get the hell out of my car and at least try to enjoy yourself.”

Will huffed, but did as he was told.

*

Adam fidgeted nervously - more so than he had done in a long while. But then dating was something new and out of the ordinary that he needed to become more accustomed to since he was no longer with Beth. And… he was anticipating that this wouldn't be like dating Beth. In fact, that was why he had asked Bev to set him up. She had only been living in Mount Pleasant a year, but around Los Angeles a lot longer and seemed to know so many people. She was always fixing other people up, he knew. In fact Margot and Alana were getting married thanks to her! Not that his goal was marriage. It was something a little less ambitious but necessary. He just needed to know if what he suspected after his dalliance with Beth was true. And it felt like there was only one real way to know - and that was dating.

"Good evening." The deep voice crooned and Adam looked up from the small table in the corner he had asked to be seated at. The alpha was immaculately dressed, his natural musk enhanced by what Adam guessed to be an expensive cologne.

It was a pleasant scent and Adam wondered, not for the first time in his life, if his lack of reaction to it was a quirk of his autism. Or something else entirely. Only time would tell.

But he knew as they greeted each other that it wasn't his autism. As with all alphas and betas, there was just nothing there for him. *No chemistry* Beth had said, though he wasn't sure what Beth knew about molecular biochemistry.

"Hannibal Lecter." The alpha had offered with his hand, before they shook and Adam gave his name in return. As Hannibal settled opposite him he asked politely. "How do you know Bev, Adam?"

"She is a friend of my brother, his housemate. I asked her to find me a date as she is good at that and also-" Adam cut himself off, realising he was already doing that thing Beth used to criticise - rambling on with no consideration of whether anyone wanted to listen. "She's friends with my brother." He repeated and fidgeted again.

Hannibal didn't respond for a moment and then he said - "Also?" He smiled gently. Open expression and tone that Adam understood from Will was encouragement.

Bev had already mentioned that Adam was a particularly interesting fellow, but that they both had an interest in science and theatre. But the moment they had met Hannibal knew there was more to this situation than that. The omega was certainly attractive, and by all Bev had said, smart. But he clearly was holding himself back and Hannibal wasn't sure if it was an attempt to make a good impression or whether there was something else to be taken into consideration.

Despite the encouragement Adam still hesitated before continuing - "I'm unsure of my preferences and have had little opportunity to explore them. I thought dating would help me understand." The alpha was silent again and then gave a nod, the smile remaining.

"So, this is an experiment? Bev told me she thought we would hit it off given your interests in science and engineering, but I hadn't known I would be subject to experimentation." Hannibal let out a low, rumbling laugh and continued to smile. This he had not expected, but yes it seemed to make sense considering the omega's clearly blunt nature and certainly resolved that question. "How can I be of assistance?"

The server arrived and took their drink orders and gave them menus, which gave Adam a moment to consider this.

Adam's mouth tweaked into a smile. He knew the moment they had met that he would have no sexual or romantic interest in this alpha, but he did like him - he reminded him of the way Will treated him - with a sort of care and consideration. Not like some people did, like Beth who often treated him as though he were stupid or a child.

"I think you already have been." Adam admitted. "You're very handsome, with a nice scent and you're also polite… but, I don't feel any sexual excitement for you. I didn't for my previous lover - she was a beta."

Hannibal nodded again, still smiling and quirking a brow with curiosity. "What do you conclude from this?"

Adam frowned then and took a moment to think. "I believe I am only attracted to omegas. I was attracted to many as a teenager but had no basis for comparison and omegas aren't meant to love other omegas."

"Who says?" Hannibal frowned a little though not surprised. He had met this sort of rhetoric in the past and passionately disagreed. "This is a liberal country, rights for same dynamic couples are increasing, albeit slowly. I don't think you should let that put you off. I haven't."

"You haven't? Are you same dynamic oriented?" Adam was a little confused as to why the alpha would be on a date with him if that was the case.

"I consider myself pansexual. I guess you could so I have a blindness where genitals are concerned. My interest in someone is based on their personality and how well we get along, if I find them interesting, if they make me smile. I like a person for who they are not what they are, what genitalia they have doesn't factor into it. I enjoy sex with an omega as much as an alpha, or with a female as much as a male - and any combination thereof."

Adam took that in for a moment and wondered at himself before deciding - "I don't think that is the case for me. I… don't like alpha genitalia. Beta's I feel little for one way or the other, but… omegas I…" He stopped for a moment, knowing that this was a point where Will might say he was oversharing, but Hannibal had said he was interested and had to be taken at his word. "I like slick, I get very sexually excited thinking about slick, and mating with an omega." He squirmed a bit as the admission made him feel a little aroused.

Hannibal's lips quirked into a greater smile and he nodded as their drinks were set before them.

"Adam, I think this date is over. However, I would love to dine with you as my new friend. I am sure we have many mutual interests we could discuss." Hannibal told him.

Adam smiled. He had few friends but none outside of work other than Will and Bev. He didn't make them easily, especially as so few people ever said what they actually meant instead of expecting you to guess at it and then being angry if you guessed wrong. People were hard work, so it was nice to meet someone who seemed less so.

“I read a very interesting article about the Geffen Playhouse last week.” Adam started excitedly.

Hannibal smiled in response. “Sounds fascinating, please go on.”

*

“Something wrong, gorgeous?” Nigel finally asked. He’d been nuzzling at the alpha’s neck as they sat on the edge of the bed, for sometime now. Will’s phone had beeped and he’d taken it out to check. As he had a million times throughout their date.

He’d explained his brother also had a date that night and had autism, and if things went badly there was a chance he might call or text and ask for support. Nigel thought it was a brush off at first, but Will didn’t leave at any point - apparently none of the messages were from this apparent *brother*. And the alpha seemed to enjoy his company. They shared some good laughs at the bar and grill for the hour they were there… and then they went back to Nigel’s place without even ordering more than a couple of drinks. It was close by and Will seemed up for it - so surely there wouldn’t be the brush-off Nigel had suspected might come.

Until they got to the bedroom and Will’s phone beeped again. This time it apparently *was* the brother but everything was fine, Will was replying to the text as Nigel tried to get him in the mood for a good knotting. Damn he loved to be knotted by beautiful alphas and Will was pretty much as beautiful as they got.

For Will’s part, he was glad Adam messaged. Nigel had been all over him as soon as the door closed and he desperately wanted to be into it. The gods only knew how horny he was and how long it had been since he’d gotten his end away. And Bev was right, Nigel was his type in a lot of ways - an air of danger and mystery. A bit of an asshole - much like himself. And for a one night stand that might have been fine. But seeing that Adam’s date seem to have gone well, if the text was anything to go by, made him think about what the point of this had been. Sure he’d been resistant to Bev’s meddling, but she knew him well, she knew he was lonely. Maybe more than just a fuck whilst he imagined someone else, wasn’t going to cut it this time.

Nigel sensed the hesitation in the alpha and stopped his attentions, moving away slightly on the bed.

“Change of plans?” He asked, gruff. He couldn’t hide that he was more than a little pissed off. He was already wet with slick and the thought of that going nowhere was more than a little frustrating. Why did some alphas think that fucking on the first date was akin to a marriage proposal and run away scared? It was why Nigel enjoyed being queer - so much easier to hookup with other omegas for a nice fuck - because the sort of clubs he picked up in, no one was expecting a deep connection. “It’s just sex darling, doesn’t have to mean anything.” Nigel tried a last ditch effort to reassure.

Nigel’s words pulled Will from his thoughts and he felt like a shitheel. He hadn’t meant to lead the omega on but… this wasn’t right. “Nigel, I… I like you. You seem great. I just… I think maybe I do want something that means something, and I…” he shrugged. How could he explain it? He’d dated so many omegas over the years, especially in college, and none had

ever really interested him - least of all sexually. He wished they did, he wished it could be simple and he could knot Nigel and live happily ever after with the guy. But he just couldn't.

These days he tried to avoid sex altogether, but his mind reeled back to college and his serial dating there - which usually ended with him going back to his room and jerking off to videos of two alphas going at it, one taking the other's knot and loving it.

He wanted to do that right now, go home and lock himself away in his room with some porn. But he wasn't going to. He hadn't since college. College was for experimentation after all… not that he had experimented beyond the porn. Too much shit with his family to even consider for one moment hooking up with another alpha just to see if he liked it as much as he suspected he might. He couldn't risk it getting back to them and rocking the tenuous peace they had found at that point - knowing how his stepmom would have been.

He tried to shake the thoughts from his mind as he placed his phone back in his pocket and pushed Nigel back onto the bed, crawling over him and grinding down, hoping to get his cock interested. It did stir a little at the friction, but the thick scent of slick was doing nothing for him, quite the opposite. After a minute he pulled back and looked down at the omega.

"I guess tonight isn't our night gorgeous." Nigel said, grinding up and feeling nothing there - Will might as well be dead from the waist down.

"I'm… I'm sorry, I…" Will muttered as he pulled back and moved off of Nigel. Why couldn't he just be fucking normal and want to fuck this omega like any alpha would jump at. "It's just… my brother, I worry… so…"

Nigel nodded. "I get it, I have a brother that drives me fucking crazy. If he had the, uh, autism, I think I'd be protective too. You want to go check on him?"

Will realised that Nigel had assumed Adam's date wasn't going well or Adam was doing badly and didn't even hesitate in jumping on the excuse. "Yeah, that would probably be a good idea. Maybe I can… maybe we can pick this up again sometime." Will tried to sound convincing, he didn't want to seem like a total asshole even if he actually didn't plan on doing anything of the sort.

"Sure." Nigel grinned. They stood and straightened themselves out, Will hoping it wasn't quite as awkward as it felt. Probably not, because before they got to the front door, Nigel grabbed a pen from a side table and took Will's hand. He caressed it teasingly as he wrote his number on the back of Will's hand. "Just call me sometime."

Will nodded and smiled and then got the hell out of there. He washed the number off as soon as he got home and tried unsuccessfully not to feel the like biggest asshole on the planet.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Two months later... some accidental meetings...

Chapter Notes

NB: I use "gay" here as a term for someone attracted to the same dynamic, for want of a better word that fits this 'verse. Just FYI.

Two months later

Will thought for a moment that he'd caught Adam's scent and automatically looked at his watch. He knew his brother had a standing lunch date with a friend every other week, but it was well after lunch now. Perhaps this coffee shop was where they had met up?

It was so weird to think Adam had this life he didn't know about. He'd become so much more independent since their dad had died and it had Will wondering - not for the first time - what he was even doing here? Adam not needing him made him feel as unsettled as he had all those years ago when he first left. He'd never had a reason to stay anywhere and he thought now would be different. It hurt that it wasn't. Not that that was Adam's fault - if anything he was envious of this little slice of life Adam had carved out for himself.

Will grabbed his coffee from the counter and walked out into the street. Bev was out with friends - she seemed to make a new one every week - and with Will's only colleague at the repair shop being the elderly owner, he was left with little company. It had never bothered him before, he'd always been the lone alpha type but he had expected things to be different this time. He had no idea why. So today he would have coffee alone and check out Pacific Asia Museum down in Pasadena, which he'd been meaning to do for a while. Katz had been on at him since he moved in that he should check out some of the Korean artefacts that she had been wowed by. Even taken her mom to see when she had visited.

He let out a heavy sigh and was starting to head towards the museum. And then stopped dead in his tracks. Up ahead, looking like he was also heading into the museum, was a very smartly dressed Nigel, and the last thing Will needed was to run into him. He'd never called the omega and felt like an asshole for making it seem like he might. He was most definitely sworn off dating. And running into the omega would be-

The wind direction changed and brought the man's scent on a light breeze, just as he turned and Will could better see his face. And it was not Nigel. It was definitely not Nigel. Will stopped breathing in an effort to avoid obviously scenting the air, because that scent was delicious. That rich, musky alpha scent.

Will tried not to falter and draw attention, so instead just kept walking ahead. The alpha disappeared inside the museum and Will followed a minute later.

Hannibal had known the man as soon as he turned. A scruffier, older looking version of his friend Adam, despite them being the same age. Will - Adam's brother - was someone he knew only by conversation. Adam's concern that he was lonely and sad was something they had discussed a couple of times. Not intrusively so, but Hannibal felt like he already knew the man a little, and was unsure of whether to say anything when they almost physically ran into each other in the museum garden.

Will had been browsing thoughtfully, enjoying the surroundings when he decided to head out into the beautiful gardens. He had with him the dregs of his coffee as he wandered and it grew cold. Katz had been right, it was an amazing treasure trove, so serene and pleasant that it was just as likely that was the reason she had sent him there.

As he stepped out into the garden the breeze brought that scent again and he stopped still, like a deer caught in the headlights. The scent was so enticing he had conflicting desires to both find the alpha it belonged to and to run the hell away. As it was he turned quickly and straight into a man walking quickly past him.

Hannibal winced as he watched the takeaway cup spill coffee on to Adam's brother. He had not intended to run into the man, in fact he had decided to leave him be initially - until he had then caught his scent in the garden. It was a pleasing scent, musky with the hint of engine oil and slight scent of something more intimate. And that was something that intrigued Hannibal all too much. He had decided to at least go and introduce himself, make the acquaintance as Adam's friend at the least.

Will tried so hard not to breath deeply the alluring scent of the alpha, and even harder not to make it seem like he was doing that, as the both stepped back from their collision.

"My apologies." The words rumbled from the alpha, and Will felt a flutter in his stomach that only grew stronger at the man's gentle and apologetic smile.

"It's ok." Will managed before clearing his throat. Will was struck by the likeness to Nigel. But despite them having nearly the same face, the mannerisms and way they carried themselves were so different Will was unsure how he had mistaken them. "It's just the dregs, I should have tossed it earlier, but I couldn't find a bin."

Curious. Hannibal's interests were piqued. There was something about this alpha that disarmed him. His manner, his ease with himself if not with anyone or anything else around him. And the very very faint scent of arousal that only a nose as finely attuned as Hannibal's might pick up. Perhaps the brothers were more alike than they knew.

What was more interesting was that he felt the attraction too, despite the resemblance to his close friend. On the surface he might look similar to Adam, but they were clearly nothing alike in many other ways and Hannibal - rather distractingly - found himself wondering what Will's hands felt like. He pictured them rough and calloused from manual work Adam had told him of. He pictured them cupping his jaw to bring him into a kiss, or running lightly over his body. He knew in part he was responding to the arousal he could scent, but even that required a level of interest.

"Perhaps I can buy you another, regardless. I would feel remiss in not doing so." Hannibal kept his tone level despite the welling excitement of the chase that he felt within him. That rarely inspired instinct to pursue a mate churned.

"No, please. It's fine." Will chuckled. Forcing it a little, though not as much as he often had to do around people, and that sort of weirded him out. It was nice, too nice. Terrifying - a reminder of something he had never been able to admit. Maybe never could. And yet he found himself asking - "so, museum trip alone? Did you get stood up?" He smiled with good humour despite dying a little inside at his own words.

Hannibal smiled, encouraged. "I come here often. My aunt originates from Japan and I grew up surrounded by many of the beautiful items the likes of those in this museum. It brings back fond memories and gives me a calm place to recharge my batteries after a long working week." He was lost for a moment in Will's interested eyes, as the other alpha listened to him intently. "So, no date I assure you."

Will was strangely relieved and also hugely embarrassed by the assurance and hoped desperately neither reaction was obvious.

Hannibal sensed the interest once more and offered again - "are you sure I couldn't buy you a coffee?". He consciously posed himself in an enticing manner, a turn of the head to display his alpha strength. He unconsciously let out pheromones that Will clearly scented.

Clearly, because of the terrified look on his face. Still unsure of himself then perhaps? Hannibal backed off a little.

"I, uh, appreciate the offer. But actually I'm… I'm running late. For something."

Before Hannibal could interject the other alpha was off, heading back towards the exit without a backward glance.

Will didn't stop his clipped pace until he was a block away from the museum. It wasn't as though he had never been attracted to alphas before, well - that was sort of the problem wasn't it? But there was a difference between watching porn and actually finding someone arousing like that in public. He'd never had such little control over himself than in that moment.

And perhaps he had misread the man's interest anyway? He had released pheremones, but perhaps that had been aimed at someone else? A nearby omega he was trying to lure? The thought made Will's chest tighten. He'd never felt such an instant attraction before and wished, wished with all his goddam heart, he had been brave enough to act on it.

*

Is that Will?

Nigel looked over at the man sitting on the park bench eating his lunch. From a distance it sort of looked like Will, only not quite. Something less rugged about him - softer and more peaceful on the surface of it. But damn the resemblance was so close, that it wasn't until Nigel got a short distance away and picked up the omegan scent that he knew for sure.

Because, damn! Will Graham hadn't smelt that good. In fact, Will had smelt pretty great for an alpha, but there was nothing compared to the sweet ambrosia scent of an omega.

In truth the only reason Will had stayed in his mind between then and all the other hook ups, was because they *hadn't* hooked up. He had hoped the alpha would call just so his success rate could remain untarnished. But he got it. Will was maybe looking for something a little deeper and more long term. And Nigel putting out on the first date, and making no secret of it being something only casual to him, was likely not going to keep Will's interest.

He was cool with it. No hard feelings - quite literally.

Nigel was about to continue walking on down the path when Will's doppelganger lifted his head. "Oh hey, what are you doing h-" Then he cocked his head as Nigel stopped. "Sorry, I thought you were someone else."

Adam hadn't scented Hannibal, so it made sense that the man who looked like him was in fact, not him. But they were very similar - same striking presence, and of course in their looks. Except… Hannibal would never wear those clothes and now he realised there was also a neck tattoo… and the omegan scent.

Adam's nostrils flared as he took it in and smiled. It was a nice scent and he liked smelling it.

Nigel watched the omega take in his scent and it sent a shiver through him. He'd never before seen someone be so open and obvious in their scenting - like there was nothing about it to hide. And damn, that did things to him. If there was anything Nigel liked, it was things being straightforward and uncomplicated when they could be.

And that was why he didn't continue to walk and instead indicated the end of the bench. "Anyone sitting here gorgeous?"

Adam frowned. He understood terms of endearment though wasn't sure why this man had decided it appropriate to use one for a perfect stranger, but also he wondered if the man was in some way visually impaired. "There isn't anyone sitting there, do you need assistance?"

"Why would I need assistance?" Nigel found himself grinning as he took a seat.

"Oh, I… I assumed you couldn't see that there wasn't anyone there. I shouldn't make assumptions." Adam frowned and looked down. People were so often confusing.

"Ah. I get it." Nigel felt something within him pull tight. This guy was the extreme of plain talking and there was something damn enticing about that. Working in sales all he got most of

the time was double talk and bravado. “I just wanted to sit for a while, and this looked like a good spot. Is it a good spot?”

Nigel waited for an answer. Between the scent, the guy’s manner, and the beautiful face - even more beautiful than he had considered Will, to be honest - he was already enthralled.

Adam glanced at the man to see if he was being serious. It was always so hard to tell but the man’s face was open and seemed curious, as far as Adam could tell. He looked across to the nearby pond. “It’s quiet here, peaceful. It’s nice to come here on my lunchbreak.”

“Yeah? Where do you work gorgeous?”

“The Observatory - it gets busy this time of year with guided tours and school groups.” Adam informed him. And then he forced himself to look at the other omega again. “My name is Adam. I don’t believe we’ve met before, but you keep using an endearment for me. It’s very familiar of you.”

Nigel grinned. Was he being scalded by this little guy? There was something utterly refreshing in that. Nigel had grown up around a lot of alphas - traveling with his and Hannibal’s uncle all over Eastern Europe before he settled them in the States as teens. He had had to be hardy, act like one of the alphas. Which had been no bother at all for him, he was never exactly the shy and retiring type. But it meant he often intimidated people unintentionally and sometimes not always to his benefit. This other, smaller, gentler omega having no fear about calling him out on his over familiarity was not only refreshing, it felt like a slap in the face. Because of course he was right and that made Nigel feel like an asshole. Which strangely made him feel pretty good.

Hannibal was always bitching at him about it - that being so over familiar with people could verge on harassment and not everyone would be comfortable with it. The omega didn’t seem uncomfortable so much as perplexed and that seemed to drive the point home more than anything Hannibal had ever said to him.

“I- I’m sorry Adam. That was rude of me.” Nigel was entirely sincere.

Adam held the omega’s gaze for a moment before looking away again. He was handsome, maybe even more handsome than Hannibal - who he had to admit was the most handsome person he knew, even for an alpha.

He was considering whether he should say something further, perhaps accept the apology, when he realised the time. “My lunch is over soon, I have to start back.”

“Can I walk you there?” Nigel found himself standing when Adam did and asking eagerly before even thinking.

“No thank you, I know the way.” Adam frowned again, confused as to why this man would think he’d need to be guided back to his workplace.

“Oh, I meant… You seem very… interesting. I would like to spend more time with you.” Nigel fumbled for the words, realising he had to speak even more plainly than he was used

to. There was something appealing about that.

“Oh!” Realisation hit Adam and then he bit his lower lip for a moment, thoughtfully. “You mean you want to be friends? Or are you also attracted to omegas?”

“Fuck!” Nigel uttered and rubbed his hand roughly over his face. This guy was too much, and he wanted more.

“Maybe a date first? But I do find you attractive, so if that goes well maybe we can *fuck*, yes.” Adam smiled. He had never thought it would be this easy to get his own date - much less with another omega. And one so very handsome and smelling so good too!

“Yes, yeah a date!” Nigel said hurriedly. “Can I get your… will you give me your phone number so I can call you to arrange it?” He wasn’t taking any chances of giving his number and never being called.

“Of course.” Adam was still smiling as he took one of his business cards out of his wallet and handed it to the omega. “Maybe when you call me you can tell me your name? I have to go now.”

With that the omega walked off at a determined pace towards the park exit, leaving a baffled and no little enamoured Nigel in his wake.

*

“Ok miserable, what’s wrong?” Bev tried to keep her tone light, but actually Will wandering around their shared apartment like a bear with a sore head the last few weeks was getting exhausting. She was normally happy and bubbly and pulled up the people around her. She wasn’t sure when that had stopped being true of Will but it wasn’t cool anymore.

“Nothing.” Will muttered as he poured his coffee and made to start back to his room.

“Not nothing. Something. Something annoying.” Bev frowned and stepped between him and the door.

“Ugh. Bev you’re such-”

“Such a good friend, I know. Sit.” She ordered, pointing at the breakfast bar.

Will went, sulking the entire time but unable to resist. Because he was never going to be able to ignore direct orders from Beverly Katz, hadn’t ever been so far.

“Talk to me Willgram.” Bev said lightly as he took a seat and she grabbed her own coffee. Invoking her pet name for him let him know she meant business despite the sweet approach. He was going to have to share his feelings whether he wanted to or not.

He sat and cleared his throat. Gulped his too hot coffee, almost gagged and then cleared his throat again. In this time Bev had filled her mug and taken the seat opposite him.

“I… I sort of met someone.” Will forced out, finding something ease within him as he just shared that small part with his best friend.

“You did!?” Bev’s excited glance was greeted with a sadness that curbed her enthusiasm completely. “What happened?”

“It wasn’t a date or anything. I just ran into him at the Pacific Asia Museum. I guess… I guess we sort of flirted? And then he was releasing pheromones - in public - like he was interested, more than interested. I… cut and ran.”

“Well… Ok, I guess I can see why you would. I mean if an omega is that keen they must be going into heat or something and that’s a bit intense for a first date.” Bev reasoned. As a beta she was never completely sure how the private aspect of these things worked, but she did know that most omega’s were on suppressants or at the least were very private about their heats. She could totally imagine Will overwhelmed by such forward behaviour even if he was interested. He wasn’t the most experienced of alphas where omegas were concerned, or even betas for that matter.

“He was an alpha.” Will blurted.

“Oh.” Bev was surprised, then sort of shocked, but… not. It was unexpected but also… not. “That is… good?”

“It’s terrible.” Will growled. “As if I don’t already have enough bad luck with dating. I just figure I will jack it all in. Become a hermit.”

“Rather than admit your gay?” Bev’s tone was level. No judgement but a hint of concern.

Will took a sharp breath then blew it out. Hearing someone say it out loud was bizarre, but kind of right. He’d been fighting it so many years because of how he knew his family would react. But now his dad was gone. He had no reason to keep fighting who he was.

“I’m gay.” He said slowly, gently. Tasting the words in his mouth.

Bev watched a million different emotions fleet over Will’s expression. It wasn’t something she hadn’t considered at times, but alphas and omegas were so private about sex that she never read too much into it. She just figured Will was overly private. Suddenly college seemed to make a lot more sense.

She smiled at him, happy and reassuring, but then could see his face was already melting into something sad and worried and insecure. She wasn’t going to have that.

“This is great! Let me get my rolodex. I’m sure I have several alphas in there that are same dynamic oriented, or pan or whatever.” Her tone was encouraging, with a hope to drag him into the excitement he should be feeling. She got it. His relationship with his family had been bad, this would have made it worse. He had hidden himself to keep the peace and he didn’t need to anymore.

“I don’t know that I’m ready. I don’t know how to figure this all out.” He muttered, looking down into his coffee.

“Ok, no pressure. Whatever you're comfortable with. But maybe I can find you an alpha or two that would just like friendly meetups - for you to just chat…” She was sure Fred Chilton would be more than happy to just be friendly, take him to some bars. Didn’t Hannibal swing every which way? But maybe that would be weird because she had set him up with Adam already. Ok, maybe not Hannibal but, possibly Francis. “Maybe I can fix for some of us to go to a bar or two? I’ll be your wing-beta.” She grinned, leaning forward and punching his. “Like the good old days, but in reverse.”

That finally drew a smirk from him.

*

Bev was starting to wonder if Hannibal might have been a better option after all. Frank was a bit borderline creepy when they were at the bar and Chilton was just so over the top she wouldn’t have been surprised if Will left. She’d definitely misjudged it, they weren’t really his kind of people - even if they had welcomed him and been super nice going out as a group.

Of course that hadn’t been the point. It had been to get Will out there on the scene… though she had secretly hoped to get him laid. But with between Frank coming onto some of the twinkiest of twinks alphas, and Chilton already being on first name terms with everyone at the bar because they had mutually knotted at least once, it was clear Will needed someone more sedate.

The night was a bust and they left early, but even so Will sort of enjoyed it. Frank and Fred were terrible, but it was nice to be out in that kind of bar - the kind he’d always avoided. It felt comfortable and safe. But it was also a pick up joint, and he wasn’t sure he wanted to just go pick up alphas for sex. He didn’t have the confidence for it. It wouldn’t be like when he’d picked up betas and omegas in the past. Sure, he hadn’t really been into it, but at least they didn’t have knots to compare or some kind of weird bravado he assumed likely happened between alphas. He had no idea *how* to be with an alpha really - watching porn was one thing, but how do you deal with everything beyond the actual sex?

In the taxi on the way home, Bev gasped as though struck by a sudden thought. Will frowned.

“Jack Crawford!” She wasn’t sure why she hadn’t thought of him before. He was a solid guy with a solid job. Down to earth, bit bullish but nothing Will couldn’t handle once he got his sass on, she was sure. “He was married to a female alpha but she died a few years ago, I’m sure he’s dating again. You guys would hit it off I think.”

“Yeah? I don’t know. Seems like a heavy situation.” Will really wasn’t sure about at all. He had barely been out of the closet a hot minute, he wasn’t sure dating a widower was a great idea.

“Hey, what if someone judged you on your baggage?” Bev scalded.

“Yeah, ok. I guess you’re right.” Will grumbled. “I suppose I could see how it goes.”

*

Nigel shuffled from foot to foot. He had never really been nervous before a hookup or a date, or pretty much anything else in his adult life. He put it down to letting Adam choose the place - a cute little diner that apparently did great mac and cheese. It wasn't his usually atmospheric bar and grill. This was their third date and each time before had been something fairly innocent and casual - a coffee in the park where they met, and lunch in the same park a week later. Now a week later again and this was a dinner date and Nigel was already two thirds smitten.

He could see through the window Adam wasn't there yet, and he wondered if he should wait inside or outside. He huffed at the thought of being worried, self-conscious. How the hell did Adam bring this out in him?

He was turning when he practically bumped into the other omega, his thick scent filling the air around Nigel the same moment they collided.

"Sorry." Adam mumbled. "I was trying to see what you were looking at."

"I was looking for you." Nigel chuckled. Damn if this guy didn't take his breath away with every little thing he did. The thought of that terrified him… especially after Gabi. And that was it, he realised - that was where the nervousness came from. A mixture of, *damn I can't believe I'm so lucky this guy likes me* and *fuck what if it goes like it did with Gabi?* He wasn't sure he was ready to deal with something like that again. He let out a slight huff, annoyed it was plaguing his thoughts like this today, what was up with that?

"I'm right here." Adam frowned and Nigel wanted to kiss where the eyebrows knitted together. It was that moment that he knew his heat was on the way. Even with his obsessive behaviour over objects of his affection, he was never normally so drawn like this. To the point where he wanted to act incredibly inappropriately… unless he was in heat.

It was only the way Adam had been around him, his demeanor, that made Nigel hold back from even suggesting they just forget dinner and head to his place for a fuck. Which was definitely something he'd never shied away from before with casual lays. But that wasn't what Adam was and it had him all roiled up inside.

"Shall we eat?" Nigel asked, waving a hand toward the dinner's door and trying to sound like he still had perfect control over himself.

"Of course. That's why we are here." Adam was a little perplexed, though he tried not to be. It took a lot of effort on his part to really understand what people were saying, and he was getting pretty good at it. But Nigel flustered him and made it more difficult than usual. He just hoped he wasn't coming across badly, considering the reason he was so flustered was because he found Nigel very attractive. In fact, Adam found him very sexually appealing and had even masturbated thinking about him that morning. Though he was pretty sure he shouldn't mention that.

Adam was right, the place had amazing mac and cheese - which wasn't something Nigel would usually order, but… fuck, he knew when he was smitten. Oncoming heat or no, this

desire to please the other omega was making him a little crazy.

The love always drove him fucking crazy. Shame he hadn't been able to find anyone before who could handle it.

He watched Adam across the table, concentrating on his dinner as the chatted. He was fucking beautiful and his scent was just… something else. Nigel could practically smell the attraction coming off him too - or maybe that was just his preheat talking.

"You know, for the first half of the 20th Century, Mount Wilson was the most famous observatory in the world?" Adam informed Nigel between mouthfulls. Nigel smiled, almost hating the way he loved hearing the other omega natter on with his random and in depth knowledge of the things he loved. He wondered if Adam would ever rambled on about him like that… and then quickly shook the thought.

"Some of the discoveries made at Mount Wilson revolutionised our understanding of our place in the Universe. Harlow Shapley measured the size of the Milky Way Galaxy and located our position in it, far from the center. Then Edwin Hubble proved that the mysterious spiral nebulae, which astronomers had speculated about for decades, were in fact distant galaxies similar to our own. Then Hubble teamed up with Milton Humason and discovered that this immense Universe was expanding. Space itself was getting bigger. This finding, when run backwards in time, lead straight to the Big Bang Theory. So, Mount Wilson is where modern cosmology began and-"

Adam cut himself off, realising he'd been excitedly rambling again. When he glanced up at Nigel, the man was smiling. Maybe he enjoyed it then? He was just about to ask if Nigel wanted to hear more when a sweet and cloying scent drifted towards him.

When Adam scented the air Nigel nearly fucking died. The other omega's cheeks flushed a little and Nigel knew he could smell everything Nigel didn't want him to. How aroused he had become just listening to the guy, his heat practically fighting to arrive now in the presense of someone who might be able to share it with him. And he damn sure wasn't ready to spend it with someone he actually-

Adam was Nigel's first proper date in a while rather than just a hookup and now his heat was coming early. And he wasn't sure how to feel about that. It certainly wasn't anything he had planned. With Adam scenting the air he felt suddenly awkward. Even more so when Adam looked directly at him and said -

"Your heat is due."

"No shit." Nigel found himself snapping back.

Maybe the tone was lost on Adam because he simply replied. "I've never been with an omega before. But I have been in heat of course, and I am very used to knotting toys. Would you like me to spend your heat with you? I've only ever spent mine alone but I'm sure I could be of some assistance."

Nigel's jaw practically dropped. Adam was calmly eating his pasta again as if he hadn't just made one of the most deeply personal propositions a person could make. And Nigel was tempted. Oh so tempted.

That was the final warning bell for him. He shouldn't get involved with other omegas. It was too intense. He barely knew Adam and already he was having an effect on his heat cycle - if not for this date he would never have started to go into heat early, he knew that. And he couldn't do that again, not after Gabi. He should just stick to alphas like omegas were meant to - he couldn't let himself get involved with someone who made him feel so out of control.

"I…" He wasn't sure what he was going to say, and no words came at all.

Adam looked up again and couldn't make out Nigel's expression at all, though his scent had soured a little. Was that distress? Anger? Had he said something wrong? It had seemed like a logical offer and he was very much interested.

"I'm sorry. Did I upset you? I find you sexually very attractive and I enjoy your company. I thought that I could-"

"Stop." Nigel held up his hand. He was in no way precious and not easily embarrassed, but he equally was not used to this brand of bluntness over such a taboo topic. The worst of it was, he liked it. It was a fucking turn on - and that was making shit even more complicated.

He couldn't stop his mind returning to Gabi over and over. Did he want to be with another omega when they might end up leaving him for an alpha in the end as she did? Even a pissant alpha that had less balls than most female omegas Nigel had ever met. Could he be with another omega when it was all too easy for him to lose himself in them and be so utterly consumed by the love? The fucking love, it drove him somewhat insane and what would Adam think of that? He would run and find someone else, just like Gabi had.

"I… I have to go." Nigel got up and walked out.

This had been a mistake. He needed to just go home, prepare for his heat - get some booty call or other to drop by and knot him a few times. And never see Adam Raki again. Because if Nigel had a talent at anything, it was self preservation.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Two Months Later - interesting meetings at Bev's birthday party...

Two Months Later

Will really wished he could be anywhere else right now, but it was Bev's birthday and there was no way she would forgive him for not attending. But the bar was already packed with her ridiculous count of friends - how did she meet all these people? - and Will wasn't any more inclined to socialise than he usually was.

It was bad enough that it was one of those swanky places she loved that he sort of detested. A rooftop bar and restaurant with flamouently coloured seating and cocktails so expensive patrons likely had to sell a kidney if they planned to come regularly. So he was already aware that he was in a bit of a grump.

And then Jack arrived.

He couldn't begrudge Bev inviting her friends. Maybe he should have had more thought when accepting to be set up on dates with any of them. He was sure things might get weird with Frank and Fred and he'd never actually dated either of them. But Jack? He shuddered.

He was a nice guy, but overbearing and so accustomed to having been in a long term relationship that his tendency was to treat Will the same way he might have treated his wife. In the month they dated they sort of jumped to this place where Jack was comfortable because it was a norm for him - but Will definitely wasn't. He liked Jack, but not enough to skip several years of relationship building. In fact not enough to keep dating him after that first month. And that had been awful. Breaking up with the man, when he was clearly more attached to Will than Will was to him, had made Will feel terrible. Thing was, he knew that in reality, Jack wasn't more attached to Will, he was attached to the idea of Will - to the idea of being in a stable relationship again. The idea of someone filling that void left by his wife. It almost didn't matter who. And that wasn't going to work for Will. It likely also didn't help that Will was more attached to the memory of, and daydreams about, the mysterious alpha he bolted from at the Pacific Asia Museum.

His fixation on the strange made Will all the more torn over the fact that he and Jack had never slept together. A large part of him was relieved because it would likely have only complicated things further. But a small part of Will wished he'd gotten it out of the way. Wished that he had finally had that experience with another alpha so that he could know that side of himself better and chalk up the experience ahead of, hopefully, meeting someone more suitable. Maybe even running into that alpha again… Which was of course ridiculous

as there was no reason why he might. Will had considered making another visit to the museum a ridiculous number of times but never had. Maybe next week? Maybe.

His mind went to that mysterious alpha's mouth - the way it had curved when he smiled. How kissable his lips had seemed. He tried to shake the thought, it wouldn't do him any good. It was easier to fantasise about something and someone that was never going to be a possibility, rather than put himself out there and actually find someone real now that he was actually exploring that side of himself.

"Will." Jack greeted him pleasantly before Will could run and hide in another part of the bar. Feeling, strangely, all the more exposed for being on a rooftop at that moment.

"Jack, how are you?" Will smiled in return and tried not to act as awkward as he felt. Which only got worse when Fred appeared at Jack's side and slipped his arm through Jack's.

"Good, good. We're good. Maybe catch up later." Jack smiled and walked on arm in arm with Freddy Chilton.

He would never have put the pair of them together and truthfully he shouldn't be bothered. But he was. He wasn't jealous, but there was something sort of shitty about it. That Jack and Fred, of all the people he had met, could find something together that he was so unable to find with anyone at all.

He huffed and started towards the door back down into the small inside bar, wondering if Bev would notice if he really did leave. Not that he had the chance - he was intercepted by Adam.

Adam had seen Will talking to Jack and wondered if he was ok. By the time he reached him to ask, Will was clearly heading for the door.

"Where are you going?" He asked and Will let out a huff which Adam knew well. Will was annoyed or grumpy or irritated, or possibly all at once. It was still difficult to tell sometimes even with his own brother.

"Can you just tell Bev I didn't feel well?" Will responded gruffly.

Adam frowned. "What's wrong? Are you going to be sick?"

"No Adam, I'm fine. I just want to leave."

"But you said you were sick. Is this like when we were kids and you were skipping class?"

Will scrubbed a hand roughly over his face. Regret mixing with the annoyance, that he and his brother weren't as close as they used to be. Like they had been when Adam had covered for his truancy those couple of times he had blown off school to go fishing. "I just need some space. But maybe we can have lunch tomorrow? It's been awhile since we hung out."

Adam smiled and nodded. It had been a while and he missed Will. A lot had changed in his life and he really wanted to tell Will about it but they never had the time together these days. But then he remembered -

“I can’t tomorrow. Or, maybe? Can I let you know in the morning. My heat is due and I am already feeling a little out of sorts, so it may arrive tomorrow or the next day.”

“Adam.” Will hissed his name and Adam watched the blush bloom on his cheeks. He would never understand why it was apparently inappropriate to discuss such natural things as the workings of the human body in public. But he accepted the scalding for Will’s comfort and was about to respond when the door they stood next to opened and admitted two people of his acquaintance.

“Hannibal.” Adam smiled in acknowledgement of his friend’s arrival.

“Nigel?” Will grimaced as his eyes met those of the omega he had never called. Damn this party! Damn Bev and her damn matchmaking.

“Nigel!” Adam’s voice went up a pitch and he looked both elated and anxious, which immediately concerned Will. How in the hell did even know Nigel or… *oh shit!*

“Adam?”
“Adam...”

Both Hannibal and Nigel responded at the same moment.

Hannibal couldn’t help the note of concern at his friend’s unsettled reaction and the fact that he appeared to be acquainted with his brother - who had also replied in acknowledgement of Adam’s presence, and looked utterly contrite and embarrassed.

“You!” Adam’s companion broke Hannibal’s thoughts before he could say anything to either Adam or Nigel. He met the man’s eyes and recognised him immediately as the alpha he had encountered at the museum.

The man broke into a smile which Will couldn’t help but mirror despite himself. Despite his nerves and the tendency he often had to sabotage himself.

“Will Graham.” He offered his hand which the other alpha took, shook gently and then rubbed his thumb over the back of Will’s hand. Will had to suppress a shudder at that and yet couldn’t for one moment find it intrusive. After all he had gone much further than shaking hands in his daydreams and fantasies of the man. Much further. Will felt his cheeks burn just a little.

“Hannibal Lecter.”

“Will?” Adam asked, puzzled as to how he knew either Hannibal or Nigel.

“Adam, how do you-” Will started to ask how he knew either of these men, as he slid his hand back from Hannibal’s - which was no mean feat.

“Oh shit!” Bev’s high ringing voice interrupted further conversation as she looked at the four of them with a mixture of amusement, confusion and realisation. “Adam, is this the Nigel you told me you went on a date with?”

“What?”
“What?”

Both Hannibal and Will responded with the same confused exclamation and then looked at each other as though the other might have the answers.

“I assumed you went on a date with an alpha… I didn’t think-” Bev looked all too amused but also concerned.

“No. Nigel is an omega.” Adam frowned, he was clearly an omega. Everyone could scent him as well as he could. “I prefer to have sex with omegas. Why would I date an alpha if I prefer to have sex with omegas?” He was sure he had mentioned this, but thinking back he realised that perhaps he had not.

“Holy fuck.” - Bev.
“What the fuck?” - Will
“Nigel, what-” - Hannibal

“It was a couple of dates!” Nigel interjected, pained. After running out the way he did and then ignoring Adam’s polite messages that he didn’t know what happened but hoped Nigel was well and got through his heat ok, he had hoped never to run into him again. No matter how hung up he was on him after so brief a time. No matter how tempted he had been to call back.

“I enjoyed it very much.” Adam smiled, informing all of them as they all seemed to be interested. “Nigel is very nice and I am very sexually attracted to him, but he wasn’t feeling well and then I never heard back from him. Nigel was it because you were in heat?”

“Adam!”
“Adam!”
“Adam!”

Bev, Will and Nigel all responded with shock at the taboo subject, though Hannibal knew Adam’s bluntness well enough to just chuckle instead.

Adam frowned. It was very annoying how no one talked about these things. Adam’s personal theory was that alphas and omegas were secretive about sex, and treated it as a taboo so as not to make betas jealous. He decided not to mention it considering Bev was a beta and he didn’t want to upset her. Instead he changed the subject to something more pressing.

“How do you know Nigel?” He asked Hannibal.

“He’s my brother.” Hannibal answered, letting out a gentle huff of amusement at the turn of events.

Will scrubbed his hand so roughly over his face it felt like his stubble was going to cut his palm open. He managed to hold in the noise wanting to escape his throat. “So… let me get this right. Bev, you set Nigel and I up on a date-”

“And you never called me.” Nigel interjected, unsure how to feel about it. There was a time when he might have been upset - the time right after he walked out on Adam and could have done with a good knotting - especially from someone that looked like the guy. And yet, he now found himself glad that had not been a possibility.

“I assume you are Adam’s brother?” Hannibal asked Will. Both he and Adam nodded - Adam with a smile, Will with a frown. Hannibal tried to hide an exceedingly amused smirk as he continued - “Adam and I became good friends some months ago, after Bev set us up on a blind date.” Hannibal informed them, matter of factly.

“Yeah she’s good at that.” Will shot Bev a glare without thinking, lost in why she had set Adam up with Hannibal but not him! Maybe he didn’t swing that way after all and Will had misread his flirting. He tried to ignore that thought so his image of the mysterious alpha could remain in tact just a while longer.

Then they all started talking at once. A polite cacophony as Bev indignantly replied that she was a great matchmaker, Adam and Nigel seemed to be simultaneously apologising to each other and Will was in the process of telling Bev not to get her panties in a bunch, when Hannibal’s words drew his attention.

“What did you say?” Will asked, his heart suddenly in his throat.

“I was just wondering if you would care for a drink. I spilled your coffee as I recall, perhaps I can replace it with something from the bar? Now that the opportunity has arisen.”

Will wasn’t sure if the burn on his cheeks was from the public overture or the shit eating grin on Bev’s face.

Having spent weeks not really clicking with anyone else, and wondering *what if* about the handsome stranger, Will was so sorely tempted to accept. But he threw up his hands as his exasperation peaked and replied- “are you serious? Don’t you think this is all a little weird?! You dated my brother and I-”

Hannibal shrugged “it’s fine to be weird. Everyone's a little weird.”

Bev nodded. “Take that advice, he is a psychiatrist, he knows what he’s talking about.”

She was grinning and Will sort of hated her for a hot minute. He was pretty sure that everything that had or hadn’t happened in this entire situation was in some way her fault. But he curbed the thoughts to instead grumble - “just… don't psychoanalyze me. You won't like me when I'm psychoanalyzed.”

Hannibal’s smile, even as he nodded, gave away his amusement. “Of course. Shall we?” He indicated towards the quieter inside bar and Will hesitated for only a moment. He had built this mysterious stranger up so much in his mind, he wanted to discover if he really was as interesting as he seemed. He returned the nod and moved passed Bev until his was walking with the other alpha through the door.

Bev turned back with a satisfied grin to Adam and Nigel, only to discover they might not have noticed if she's disappeared into a puff of smoke. They stood gazing at each other in a way Bev could only describe as *wanton*.

"I'll… I'll be cutting the cake then." She muttered and walked off to where Margot and Alana stood with the birthday cake they had made her.

Adam vaguely noticed the others leaving until he and Nigel were alone on the bustling rooftop. No one paying attention to them as they stood with their eyes locked together.

"I'm sorry." Adam repeated. "I didn't mean to embarrass you. Sometimes… I say the wrong things. I shouldn't talk about private things."

Nigel smiled warmly. "It's… really it's fine. I actually have no problem with that whatsoever. I like your bluntness. I just… I just assumed you mentioned my heat like that to embarass me after I ran out on our date. But-"

"Why would I do that?" Adam replied, a little caught off guard.

"People sometimes do shitty things Adam." Nigel replied, their previous interactions flooding back. How carefully he had to handle this guy, but equally how enchanted he was by the bluntness and how he wanted to understand him better. It caused a pain in his chest. "I'm sorry, for running out. I shouldn't have done that. I was… I guess I was scared at how intense it was. How into you I already was. My heat didn't make it any easier and… I had a bad situation before. I didn't want to rush into something with another omega again and have them leave me when they realised they prefer to be knotted and when I became too much to handle."

"Oh." Adam's eyebrows went up with his realisation that Nigel had genuinely walked out on their date, not been sick from his heat as he had assumed. He should probably be mad about that, Will would have been. But… Nigel's scent was so good and he found him very arousing. "I… like to be knotted, but I'm fine with a toy or knotting ring. I prefer omegas. My heat is coming soon and I wouldn't want to be knotted by an alpha. But if an omega wanted to knot me I would be very happy about that."

"Fuck." Nigel groaned out the word and covered his face with his hand for a moment. All the anxieties he had had about this before seemed to melt away. He had been heat addled and insecure, and Adam was willing to give him a pass on walking out like an asshole. "You're just… Damn, Adam. I like you. I really like you and I find you sexually attractive too and maybe I was an idiot before and we could try again and-"

"Nigel. I'm very aroused right now. I think my heat might arrive sooner than anticipated if I stay this aroused. Would you like to take me home? I would very much like to have sex with you."

Nigel didn't care that their conversation, though not terribly loud, was drawing both amused and offended glances.

"Yeah gorgeous, I think I'd like that very much."

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Our two couples get to know each other, one way or the other...

Chapter Notes

IMPORTANT NOTE ABOUT ANATOMY! So just a reminder of what I posted on the first note in this fic, and to explain the tag "o-spot", which will feature heavily in this chapter.
When I first started writing omegaverse I was often either going with male omegas having anal sex, or just leaving it a little vague. Recently I've been writing them as intersex because that fits much better with the idea of I have of omegas in my head and works better for me as a writer. But it sort of stumped me in terms of "presenting" because the tradition is for male omegas to present for mounting, it makes more sense for them to have a prostate than a g-spot. Am I overthinking it? Probably, but the end result is that in this fic I ended up in a situation where I didn't feel it was right to use the prostate or g-spot... so, that would be the o-spot tag. Yup.

Adam wasn't nervous. Not one little bit, as he followed Nigel out of the party and to his car.

"Want to be at your place so that you have your home comforts?" Nigel asked. He was fucking nervous and hoped it didn't show.

Adam nodded. "That would be good."

"Ok, well let's swing past my place so I can grab a few things." Nigel said, trying to keep the tremor from his voice.

It felt like he didn't draw breath again until he got to his apartment, leaving Adam down in the car whilst he grabbed an overnight bag and threw some clothes and toiletries into it. The sort of things he knew he would need if he stayed for the whole of Adam's heat - and fuck did he hope to be there for the whole thing. He was getting hard just thinking about it. In truth it wasn't the way he would have preferred to get to know the omega. If he hadn't previously fucked up they might have been dating a while at this point. But if this was where they picked back up again, so be it. He was going to be there for Adam at the time he needed him, and be as good as - no, better - than any alpha ever could be for him. To that end he opened his own heat drawer and rifled through it, stashing his favourite knotting dildo in the bag too. He hesitated for a moment before picking up the knotting cock ring. He loved being

fucked with it, heat or not, but he wasn't entirely sure of Adam's preferences beyond the earlier mention of knotting, so he took a punt and shoved that in the bag too. Because he would dearly love to fuck the little omega with it and hoped he might get the chance.

He stopped by the kitchen briefly, tying up the trash to throw into the can on the way out so it didn't stink up the place whilst he was gone, and put a whole bunch of high energy and filling snacks in his bag. He knew Adam had never spent his heat with anyone and might appreciate the effort to make him comfortable for the duration. Nigel on the other hand was an old pro. He couldn't remember the last heat he'd had alone. He liked being serviced during his heat - whether by a lover, a booty call or even an alpha service. Whatever, he liked the fucking.

He had a pang in his chest as he thought about it. It had never been more to him than his time of the quarter. But maybe it might mean more to Adam. Maybe he might mean more…

His heart raced for a moment as he walked back to the car. The thought wasn't at all undesirable.

*

Adam enjoyed the nice warm shower, washing the scent of the other people in the crowded bar off of him. It wasn't something he enjoyed and he knew Bev would understand that he left the party early, with or without the current circumstances. Being around that many people jostling him - all the scents and posturing, it was a bit much sometimes and he hated smelling like it after.

He used his neutrally scented shower gel and shampoo, so that he once more could only breath in his own scent - thick as it was now he was closer to his heat. When he shut off the water another scent drifted through - Nigel's arousal. Adam turned to see the other omega was also naked and stood in the bathroom doorway, his hand slowly stroking his hard penis as the scent of the slick gathered at the top of his thighs cut through the steam.

The sight made Adam's own cock throb and he let out a low whine. "It's close. I think I'm going to go into heat very soon."

Nigel nodded. "It happens gorgeous, being aroused this close to your heat."

Adam was nodding as he stepped out of the shower, not bothering to grab a towel as he walked to Nigel. Feeling like he was being drawn to him on string. He wondered for a moment if that was what a bond felt like.

Without hesitation he pressed his entire body, damp as it was, against Nigel's and then paused. He was breathing hard as he licked his lips and then tentatively angled them towards Nigel's. Nigel closed the rest of the distance and kissed him slowly, gently.

Adam let out a little whimper that made Nigel's cock twitch. The little omega was this crazy and fucking intoxicating mixture of forward and hesitant. He was so driven by his own honesty - not thinking to temper his desire, until he got to the point where he was unsure and slowing down and Nigel found it fucking glorious.

“Take what you need, gorgeous.” Nigel muttered against his parted lips and was nearly knocked back as Adam’s arms flew up around his shoulders and he was hungrily devouring his mouth. It was Nigel’s turn to moan as Adam licked at his mouth, pushing his tongue between his lips as his scent filled the humid bathroom. The scent of an oncoming heat.

Nigel barely managed to walk them back into the bedroom, not wanting to break from the kisses, but somehow they managed it and his legs hit the back of the bed. He had at least had the foresight to throw his clothes on top of the chair in the corner so the bed was clear, because then Adam was pushing him down.

They broke apart as they bounced where they fell on the bed and used the time to try and catch their breath. Even so Adam was grinning down at him and the sight made his chest ache.

“Thank you Nigel, I’m really happy you are here helping me with this.” Adam purred as he smiled. He was so grateful to have someone to share his heat with and experience that, but also - of all people, he was so happy it was Nigel. “I’m very attracted to you.”

Nigel chuckled and moved his hips so their hard lengths rubbed against each other. “Yeah, I could tell.”

Adam was quiet for a moment, the sensation knocking words out of him, and his oncoming heat making him feel very tingly and light headed. It was all strangely pleasing and made him incredibly aroused. If he had been on his own he might have taken that moment to masturbate, and he couldn’t deny that urge was there.

“Nigel, I’m very turned on right now, if I were alone I would masturabate, so maybe we can have sex instead?” Adam tried to find the right words.

“You want me to use a knotting dildo on you gorgeous?” Nigel replied gruffly, his own mirroring and involuntary purr, low and rough.

“I would um, I’d like to have sex with you, if that’s ok? I don’t need knotting at the moment and when I feel aroused like this I often um, masturbate with my hand… um, not a toy, not inside me, um…” Adam struggled trying to find the words. He found it jarring to use the words from the pornos he watched, but didn’t have much frame of reference in how to phrase it. He very much wanted to fuck Nigel, to pound into his tight wet hole, as they said in that one video - but saying that out loud seemed a bit awkward.

“You… What are you trying to say darling?” Nigel was sure he was missing something.

“I um.” Adam frowned, unsure how he could make it clearer without explaining it in scientific terms. “I want to fuck your tight little hole.”

“What?” Nigel’s eyes went as wide as his grin. The fucking gorgeous creature writhing above him was just a constant and joyous surprise. “I’m certainly wet enough for you darling.” Nigel continued to grin and licked his lips. He adjusted himself slightly so that his legs fell open - the motion dropping Adam between his thighs.

Adam's purr turned to a whimper. "I used to… I liked having sex with Beth this way, I know I'll want you to knot me in my heat, and that's fine - I'll like that. But I want this with you too whilst my mind is still clear."

Nigel nodded, that tightness back in his chest as Adam settled against him, so close... And fuck did he want it. "You want me to present for you?" Nigel asked, biting at his lower lip. "Or do you want to just fu-" his words were cut off into a short, low cry as Adam pushed into his wet heat with one smooth thrust.

"Oh fuck." Nigel muttered, "yeah Adam, you take me darling." He growled and then slid his hand to the back of Adam's neck and pulled him down into a messy kiss. It remained messy, uncontrolled and passionate as Adam started to thrust into him. It felt amazing, he was already so fucking wet and horny that Adam moved easily inside him, grazing over his o-spot in a way that Nigel knew would get fucking good with little practice. Made him want to push Adam off and present for him so he could hit it easier, but he was just going to let Adam have his fun for now. They had plenty of time to explore each other completely during Adam's heat and hopefully beyond.

For never having been with a male omega before, Adam felt that he was doing ok. Nigel's face had taken on a different expression that Adam had trouble reading, but he was sure the little moans and continued purring were signs of his enjoyment. He was purring too. He didn't mean to be, it was an involuntary reaction to his happiness and pleasure. He had never purred during sex before either. But he certainly was happy and experiencing a great deal of pleasure. The feel of Nigel's hard cock pressing against him as he rocked into the omega was very very nice.

Nigel had gone from thinking this would be a nice, hard fuck to completely blissed out in a few minutes. The way their bodies fit together was just about perfect to cause the kind of friction - inside and out - that Nigel loved. His cock was trapped between them and Adam was still grazing his o-spot, now just enough for it to be building up an almighty orgasm within him. He'd even started fucking purring, which had never happened during sex before, and hearing Adam's mirroring purr was only making him react more.

With a low moan, Nigel pulled Adam closer to him so that their bodies slid together for the rhythm to continue. The pressure on his cock was immense and when he shot his load between them it was a surprise to both of them. His body was suddenly quaking as his orgasm ripped through him, tightening every muscle inside and out - including those around Adam. Their bodies slid together on the viscous and ineffectual omega cum.

Adam's mouth formed a little circle and he let out a soft "oh" at the sensation of Nigel tensing around him. He continued to thrust into the ever tightening hole as it searched to latch onto a knot that wasn't there - but the effect still milked Adam and drew his orgasm from him a few moments later.

They both continued to rock through the orgasm until, finally, Adam collapsed on top of Nigel. Nigel's fingers went immediately into his hair - running softly through as Adam panted against his throat.

"Did you enjoy that gorgeous?" Nigel's voice came out gravel.

Adam nodded against his neck. “Yes… I… I’m still…”

He moved slightly and Nigel could feel that despite cumming - Adam was still a little hard and getting harder again. Over the scent of cum, sweat and arousal, Nigel could pick up the feverish and lusty scent of Adam’s heat beginning to blossom in full around them.

“Mmm, gorgeous, well you can fuck me again if you like, or-” Nigel’s words were cut off as Adam pulled out of him, the loss of the growing hardness had his omegan sex clenching and seeking to be filled again. Which it was a moment later by Adam’s tongue.

Nigel groaned and writhed as Adam, who had moved quickly and delicately down between his thighs, started to eat him out. He licked and sucked and nuzzled at Nigel, cleaning the whole messy area with his mouth and tongue.

Adam’s purr had quieted a little but now it was loud again as he put his lips and tongue all over Nigel’s sex. The taste was divine, a heavenly mixture of them both.

Maybe Nigel wanted to taste too? Because after a short while of writhing under him, he sat and pulled Adam to him, kissing him deeply and purring.

“You’re fucking filthy gorgeous and I love it.” Nigel pulled back to grin and speak. “I love that I can taste us both on your tongue.”

Adam moaned, also enjoying the taste of them combined, even though he wasn’t quite sure what was so amusing about it. He had seen it many times in porn videos and had always wanted to try it. It did not disappoint him at all.

The thought was gone from his head before he could even ask Nigel what he thought. In fact, everything seemed a little hazy, like he was drunk without the nauseous feeling. Instead he just felt very aroused, painfully so. His penis ached but also so did his entire sex, like it was aching to be filled.

“Knot me?” Adam whimpered. It being the only and overriding thought suddenly consuming him.

“I’ve got you gorgeous.” Nigel replied. He had never seen heat hit someone so fast. One minute Adam was just a lusty little omega and the next minute his expression glazed and Nigel knew from experience the all encompassing need that had overtaken him. Instinct was in control now, and although Adam would know and remember through the haze, the need to be bred would be undeniable.

Nigel took hold of Adam and started to maneuver them on the bed, though he didn’t need to do much - Adam automatically presented. More whimpers from him as it came on fast and hard. He began leaking copiously down his thighs and as much as Nigel wanted to lap that up as Adam had with his slick, he knew that would only frustrate the omega.

“You want a toy gorgeous? Or me… I can, I have the knotting ring I can use.”

“You, Nigel please.. Please… alpha…”

The word jarred Nigel for a moment, before he gave himself a mental shake. It was the heat talking and he knew he had damn well cried for an alpha every single heat he'd ever had no matter the dynamic of his partner.

He left Adam whimpering and pawing on the bed whilst he grabbed his bag and wrestled the cockring onto his already hard dick - cursing that he should have thought about it sooner.

Once Nigel had it settled he moved behind Adam on the bed, kneeling and lining himself up perfectly. He thrust in - one long and deep motion into Adam's leaking sex - that made him quake and give a little cry. This angle was perfect for hitting his o-spot and Nigel wasn't exactly inexperienced at pleasuring other omegas. He dragged himself back slowly and then moved forward again, slow and firm and getting the same little cry. Yes, that was definitely the angle for Adam.

He ran his hands over Adam's lower back and hips, carressing as he moved so very gently in and out, letting Adam get accustomed to the pressure against his o-spot until each little cry became one long moan instead and Adam's hand sought desperately between his own legs.

Nigel let Adam set the rhythm then, as he took hold of his cock and started to pump it at an unrelenting pace. A couple more thrusts, a little faster each time and Nigel began to work the same pace as Adam, fucking into him hard and fast as a continual stream of cries, sobs and whimpers came from the omega.

"Knot… knot… please…" Adam asked breathlessly and Nigel obliged. He stopped enough to find the button at the base of the ring and felt the pressure on his cock as it began to inflate. He pushed it in and out of Adam a few times as it expanded - a whimper each time. And then it caught on his rim, too large to pull out again once it was in, so he pushed forward until it was all the way in and pressing against Adam's o-spot.

Adam cried out and started to jerk himself furiously as Nigel, now tied tight to him, continued to rock his thrusts into him. Nigel's grunted and felt every muscle tense, his hands gripping so hard at Adam's hips that his knuckles went white. He wasn't going to last long.

And then Adam let out a near howl as he came - spurting cum up the bed beneath him in several short spurts. As muscles gripped around him Nigel cried out, the pressure of Adam's pussy clenching around the ring which in turn squeezed the base of his cock until he was spilling over and over inside the omega.

He thrust through it a few more times before his leg muscles went rigid and he fell forward onto Adam. He was able to hold most of his weight until Adam collapsed onto the bed, taking Nigel with him tied as they were. Nigel grunted again at the pull, thinking how he would likely have cum again at that if he were an alpha. The thought brought him back a little and he moved enough to press the button on the ring again. It would take about ten minutes to deflate fully and by then Adam would likely want to be knotted again.

He'd had heats like this himself, hard and fast and quick. This fuck had only lasted a few minutes, likely the same would be true of the next few. But then they would slow as his heat waned and they could take time exploring each other and finding pleasure together without the same need and desperation driving them.

“Mmm, Nigel…” Adam purred, loudly. Pushing back on him and wriggling a little at the feel of them tied together. Nigel would definitely have cum again at that if he were an alpha. What a terrible bastard he was stealing this gorgeous omega from all the alphas who would never have the chance to knot him. He chuckled at the thought and Adam looked over his shoulder with a smile.

A fucking beautiful smile and sparkling eyes set in a dreamy gaze that stole Nigel’s breath and left him thinking - *I want him to look at me like that when he’s not heat addled.*

*

Will sat at the bar as Hannibal ordered them drinks and realised he had absolutely no idea how to *date*. Not when he actually gave a damn and wanted to make a good impression. Not that this *was* a date - this was Bev’s party, but even so…

With Nigel they had pretty much got the bill as soon as they arrived and went back to his place - the omega no doubt hoping for a knotting and Will hoping he could oblige. Jack had pretty much bulldozed Will through dating and into something resembling a relationship and everyone else he’d dated he had just not tried hard enough.

But now he wanted to try. Or maybe play hard to get and say he didn’t find Hannibal interesting at all, or throw himself at the man, or… he wasn’t sure how to react at all and that was not a fun feeling.

When Hannibal turned back to him with their drinks the alpha frowned. “Is everything alright Will? I know this is an unconventional start but, if you would prefer to go somewhere else, or to not do this at all?” Hannibal hoped the trepidation didn’t show in his voice. There was something entirely charming and pleasing about Will Graham that had made quite the impression when they had met at museum. His resemblance and relationship to Adam, and the fact that he had dated Nigel, were less than niggling thoughts as he remembered their easy and enjoyable conversation. He had hoped to run into the alpha again, but it had been clear from their interaction that Will was insecure in his sexuality and once the idea of it being more than flirting became apparent he had fled. That was months ago now, perhaps things had changed a little.

“I, uh…” Will stuttered and rubbed roughly at the side of his neck - a clearly nervous reaction that resulted in the release of comforting pheromones. The sight and scent had a pleasant reaction within Hannibal that he would love to explore further, if Will were ever willing. But he wasn’t sure that was the case and did his best to hide his natural response.

“If you’re not ready, then please, I won’t take offense. If dating an alpha is-”

“What? No.” Will was growing ever more uncomfortable. “Dating, uh… I’ve dated other alphas. Um, recently at least. That’s not a problem…” the idea of them dating was though. Dating other alphas hadn’t been the same because he hadn’t felt this self-conscious with them. He hadn’t been this interested with them, nor this terrified that he would screw everything up… which he already seemed to be doing.

“Let’s take a corner booth.” Hannibal gave his best reassuring smile and lead the way to a booth at the back of the small bar, hoping Will would follow.

When he got to the table, set their drinks down and turned, he was glad to find Will behind him. He waited as Will slipped quickly into the booth and then slid in next to him.

He could have, maybe should have, taken the seat opposite. But he hoped his proximity would calm Will. Given that it was his presence that seemed to have the man unsettled, it was a risk, but he hoped exposure therapy was the way to go.

“You, uh… what?” Will was confused and nervous at Hannibal’s seating choice. He didn’t want to give the wrong impression. Or the right one. He turned a groan inwards and was glad it didn’t surface as an undignified whimper.

“It is rather loud in here so I thought it would be better to sit closer. Please don’t worry, I assure you I am the perfect gentleman. If after this evening you decide never to see me again that is perfectly acceptable, but please know that nothing beyond conversation will happen this evening.” Hannibal reassured.

Will did feel a little more settled at that - it removed some of the pressure. Despite the possibility of, at the least, kissing Hannibal goodnight being taken off the table, it certainly settled his nerves a little. Will managed a lopsided smile.

“Thanks. I’m… I guess I’m a bit nervous. You… I enjoyed talking with you before and I’m sorry I ran away. I think I’m worried that you might not find me as interesting as I found you, and that the image I built of you in my head is actually wrong.” Will let out a low, self deprecating chuckle.

Hannibal nodded. He understood completely. He had not often connected with someone so easily and he too had built up an idea of the other alpha in his head. An idea that was now quickly shifting, but not altogether inaccurate, as it was fleshed out by snippets Adam had mentioned of his brother here and there. He was also very aware that Will did not have the same luxury.

“I feel I have you at a disadvantage Will. Although I didn’t connect the two persons as one previously, I have of course had conversations with Adam that have mentioned you on occasion. Perhaps I can level the playing field, as they say? If you want to ask anything I am more than happy to answer.”

That brought out in Will something between a smile and a grimace. “I appreciate the offer, but it’s already kind of weird enough for me to think that you dated my brother. I’m not sure I want to know what he’s told you about me.” Will let out an uneasy chuckle.

“Nothing too personal I assure you. You came up now and then within certain contexts - mostly about family. Always in a positive way.” Hannibal hesitated, unsure if he should say more and deciding not to when Will nodded with a sad sort of smile. It seemed like Will could guess that Adam had told him how his father and Will hadn’t spoken in years and now Will was back trying to regain a relationship with a sibling caught in the crossfire. “I can tell you that he enjoys having you around very much, even if you are overbearing at times.”

“Overbearing!” Will was practically indignant as he turned to face Hannibal full on.

Hannibal grinned. “Yes, well, he sees it that way. To me it always sounded like a brother looking out for him. Sometimes when he didn’t need it.”

Will was about to argue the point, and especially the fact that it came from a practical stranger, but he had to remind himself that Hannibal and Adam appeared to be good friends… and that he wasn’t actually wrong.

“I’m trying.” Will smiled gently. “I know I treat him like a kid sometimes, I think it’s partly because I’ve not seen much of him since he was one. I just want to make sure he’s ok now that our dad is gone.”

Hannibal nodded and smiled. Now wasn’t the time for this discussion. As much as he cared for Adam, he wanted to know Will, and that meant keeping Adam and their friendship out of it where possible.

Before he could get off the subject of family Will said - “so… Nigel is your brother. I uh, well… this all feels so awkward.” Another nervous laugh that Hannibal really wished they could get beyond.

“Will, I do understand. However, I don’t want to throw away any potential we might have because you had sexual relations with my brother in the past.”

“What? No. no, no… Ah, um…” Will was rubbing at his neck again and the scent was utterly delightful to Hannibal, who tried his best not to lean in closer. “No, we never… We kissed, but then I… we never… and then I never called him back. And…” He looked very determindly at Hannibal for a moment. “And then I met you and I’ve wasted hours of my life imagining what might have happened if I hadn’t run away. No one has been even remotely interesting in comparison.”

Hannibal was a little taken aback by the sudden confession. But even before he had time to react he could see Will retreating back into himself a little.

“Well, I assure you, my brother and I are not much alike.” Hannibal chuckled and hoped to turn the conversation to some humour to bring Will back out.

Will nodded. He already had that impression - there was definitely a feeling of less and less similarity the longer they talked. And Will was relieved by that, thinking on it as his eyes roamed over Hannibal’s open expression. Similar eyes, but not the same colouring - Hannibal’s a deeper reddish brown. Same cheek bones but over all the face had a different quality to it. Same lips. Very much the same lips and Will found himself wondering whether he would be able to get past that.

He realised then that Hannibal was watching him make his assessment, drawing his lower lip into his mouth and nipping at it as Will’s eyes went back to his lips. Were they the same?

Without even thinking about it further Will leaned in and pressed his mouth to Hannibal’s and then pulled back. They looked at each other for long moment before they both leaned in and

met somewhere in the middle - opening to each other as they did so.

It was a soft, slow and exploratory kiss. And nothing like Nigel. Will was so delighted by the fact that he moaned into the kiss very softly. At that Hannibal moved a little closer until their bodies were pressed together and the kiss was deepening. It became more urgent, more passionate and Will couldn't hold back the flood of images in his mind of being knotted by the alpha and knotting him in return.

He moaned again at the thought, and perhaps that was what brought them both back to their senses a little as they both seemed to ease off. The deep and searching kisses becoming less so, just little nips as they eventually parted - panting and flushed.

"I just… I'm sorry." Will cringed with embarrassment but let out a light chuckle all the same.

"Did I give you the impression that I minded?" Hannibal crooned back, his voice all gravel and his eyes dark with lust. It was nearly enough to make Will kiss him again, but he resisted that - though not placing his hand high on Hannibal's thigh and caressing him tantalisingly close to his groin.

"I… before we went any further, I wanted to check." Will struggled to make eye contact as he admitted to the truth. "I didn't want us to hit it off and then find that you… I don't think I would have been keen if you kissed like Nigel, if I felt like I was kissing him."

Hannibal chuckled. "Yes, well… that is understandable. I'm hoping to find I do not have that technique in common with my brother?"

Will laughed, a good hearty and open thing. "No, no. Not at all. Though, I do think I broke our no goodnight kiss agreement."

"Indeed. And the night is far from over." Hannibal grinned.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Love is in the air... for everyone!

Chapter Notes

Posting a day early as I have plans tomorrow night and will likely not get chance to post, so... here t'is.

Two Months Later

Adam looked at his watch and tapped his finger repeatedly on the table. Will wasn't late but Adam was already impatient. He had a date with Nigel in a few hours and wanted to iron his suit as they were going to the theatre. And then hopefully back to Adam's place for some sex. He very much enjoyed sex with Nigel and liked to do it as often as possible - which Nigel also seemed interested in too.

Although Nigel had still been worried in the beginning that Adam would lose interest in him, because he was upset about the previous omega he had been with, that seemed to fade after Adam's heat. Nigel had knotted him over and over with the knotting ring and toys. It didn't take a lot to satisfy Adam at first, because the slick also flowing from Nigel was very arousing for him. In fact he came very quickly the first few times. The first evening was a whirlwind of constant arousal that Adam found hard to remember in definitive detail. The three days after however, had been bliss. Exploring each other as slick flowed freely. The part Adam enjoyed the most was when he knotted Nigel with the ring as Nigel reached behind him to knot Adam with a toy. It had been so delicious to both feel tied together in that way and Adam had insisted they do it many times since, now that his mind was clearer.

With Adam no longer addled by his heat, he was able to take full advantage of being compos mentis instead of so driven by instinct. Nigel had assured him many times, sometimes when Adam arrived at Nigel's apartment to find him presenting on the bed, that he very much liked Adam fucking him. Especially when he had actually called it *fucking* and used other colourful dialogue from his porn videos. That always seemed to please Nigel a great deal.

He was happy. Blissfully happy and, he was sure, in love.

Will had barely walked through the door and started towards their usual table when Adam looked up and asked "Do you think Nigel is in love with me?"

“Hi Adam.” Will grinned as he took his seat. He had kind of been wondering if something like this was far off. Nigel and Adam had so far and as much as he could tell, been intense. Some weeks it felt like their newly arranged standing brunch date every Saturday was a bit of a chore for his brother who clearly had better things to do - with Nigel. Even so, he was glad Adam made the time anyway, it was good to finally get to know his brother the adult. Mostly… Getting to know his brother the adult who was very openly sexually active was something that was always going to make him cringe. But he could never hate Adam’s unique brand of honesty - aside from revealing way too much about his brother’s private life - it had also helped him understand his brother a whole lot more.

“Hi Will. Do you think Nigel is in love with me? He hasn’t said he is but I think I am and I don’t want to… I still struggle sometimes.”

Will smiled and signalled for the waitress. He did know, Adam still found it difficult with things at time, including mind-blindness. Not like when they had been kids, but still he could totally understand why Adam would be worried at this point. But… he had seen them together here and there and Adam had told him a lot about Nigel and their relationship and he was pretty sure Adam had nothing to worry about in this case. Even so -

“I… think you should ask Nigel.” Will smiled reassuringly when Adam looked up at him sharply. “I could give you my opinion but I think Nigel’s is really the one that matters.”

“What if he isn’t?” Adam asked, starting to worry at his lower lip.

The waitress arrived and Will ordered his drink, a refill for Adam and brunch for them both. When she left Will gave another reassuring smile and hoped his brother picked up on the intent of it. “Why would you think he isn’t?”

Adam shrugged. “I misread people.”

“Yeah, but… why would you think you might have misread this? Could it just be because you’re worried he might not love you? The only way you’ll know is if you talk to him. And… look, Adam even if he doesn’t love you - that isn’t the end. Maybe he is falling in love with you but isn’t at the point yet where he would say he loves you. But you have to ask him. Okay?”

“He said he told Gabi he loved her.” Adam said quietly.

“Who is Gabi?” Will’s eyebrows knit together. It had been a long while since he had seen his brother so vulnerable, and if Nigel was seeing someone else he might have to go lay the guy out, Hannibal’s brother or no.

“His ex. They were together a while. It didn’t work out, and it has made him wary of being with another omega. He told me all about her, how he feels - how he felt. I told him about Beth, how it never felt right. How she treated me.” He sighed and felt a pang of hurt at the memories.

Will’s jaw tightened. He wished he had been in his brother’s life more at that point. Everything Adam had told him about Beth made him mad. He couldn’t deny that she had

clearly helped bring him out of his shell after their dad died, but maybe she could have done it in a way that didn't involve trying to mould his brother into someone she wanted him to be and then get all shitty and disappointed when he continued to be himself. Will was glad she stayed in New York when Adam moved. The thought of Nigel treating Adam badly like that flit through his mind, but he was sure he couldn't have misjudged the omega so badly.

He knew the guy was an asshole, but a decent one. Well, no worse than himself really.

"Adam, I just think… maybe Nigel is being cautious because of that, but honestly, I think he's a good guy. I don't think he would treat you badly, I don't think he would lead you on."

Adam looked up at him again, his gaze having been mostly at his place setting since Will arrived.

"When you dated him you got the impression he was a good guy? You can usually tell if someone is bad, I remember from school. You always knew the bad kids. Is he good?"

Will felt a moment of discomfort despite knowing the words were innocently meant. They had already had *that* talk about them having dated each other's boyfriends. Will had reassured Adam that nothing serious had happened with Nigel and never could have - that the guy was nice, he liked him but it was just never going to work beyond friendship. Adam had sort of shrugged - he didn't seem nearly as bothered as Will was by the fact that they had made out and might have ended up sleeping together had Will not come to his senses. But then, when you tell Adam it didn't mean anything and not to worry about it, he was going to take that at face value. Will wished he could get his brain to do the same, so instead he just tried to avoid the topic altogether. He was happy enough with both Hannibal and Adam's assurances that they hadn't even got to the meal before their date was over and had just become friends and nothing more. Which Will had to admit made things slightly less weird, thankfully. Because, quite frankly, he was smitten.

"Is he good Will?" Adam repeated, bringing Will back to the table. "He isn't like Beth? I mean… she wasn't bad, but she was bad for me, I think. Is Nigel bad for me?"

"No Adam." Will smiled, thinking of how happy his brother had become. "I think Nigel is pretty damn good for you."

*

Will looked at himself in the mirror and wondered if his casual look was too casual. After all, what the hell did casual mean to someone as well turned out as Hannibal Lecter? Hannibal had insisted on casual and that should be easy, that shouldn't result in two hours spent standing around in a towel, drip drying from the shower and curls going mussy, whilst he rifled through his closet. And yet…

Will knew it was just the pressure he was putting on himself about this date - feeling like he was losing all the comfort and ease he had found with the alpha. He had been so self-conscious at first. Even after the kiss at Bev's party they had then shifted into a lower gear, gone slow. Real slow! And Will was glad of it. Even after Jack, or maybe a little because of Jack, Will was still unsure of himself with another alpha and Hannibal was very sensitive to

that. The rest of the evening of the party had been lovely - just relaxed and pleasant. Several more drinks, by which point Bev and most of the other patrons had gone, leaving Will and Hannibal to close out the bar as they discussed all manner of things from their jobs, childhoods and even Hannibal's first time dating an alpha. It hadn't seemed intense or overwhelming, it had felt so natural and comfortable that Will was sure they could easily have talked all night had the barman not eventually kicked them out.

When they had stood on the curb, a taxi ready to take Will home, Hannibal had pressed a sweet and chaste kiss to his lips and joked that Will had already broken the rule after all.

In that moment Will had never been more tempted in his life to drag someone home with him. He'd had a clear and compelling image of doing just that, but even so he had gotten in the taxi alone despite the sudden ache in his crotch - a date already arranged for the following week…

During which they also did not kiss. There was a moment where Hannibal brushed a curl off his forehead and Will had to struggle not to lean into that strong hand. But that was it until Hannibal walked Will to his door and they finally shared another goodnight kiss. Passionate and hungry, Will had almost invited Hannibal in. But he seemed to sense Will's hesitation and said goodnight with another soft kiss.

This had gone on for weeks - each goodbye longer and more desperate until Will thought he might burst - and that would be damn messy. At first, he'd been glad that Hannibal had respected his hesitation, but now he was starting to think they would never do more than kiss and lightly grope, because Will was still hesitant. As much as he desired the other alpha he was worried as well - the closer they became the more concerned he was that Hannibal might be disappointed by him. But he had to know. He had to get this over with so they could move on or not.

So Will was resolved. Tonight was the night. He was going to Hannibal's house for dinner for the first time and he dearly hoped he would be staying the night!

Hair at every which angle, Will finally chose the nicest jeans he had - which wasn't saying much - and a cream henley with a check shirt over the top. Casual.

*

Hannibal cursed as the plate nearly slipped from his fingers. He had no idea when his hands had ever been this clammy before. He wasn't even this nervous when he had taken his medical exams or the *viva* for his PhD. But this date had him completely and very uncharacteristically on edge - something he had discovered Will was very good at.

He hoped it hadn't been obvious to Will how flustered he had been after each of their dates. He had started to despair of the way Will hesitated each time. Because, although he was sure the hesitation was momentary and that Will very much wanted to consummate their relationship as much as he did, it made his own nerves kick in. He liked Will, very much. In fact he had to admit to himself that he was falling in love and couldn't think of a future without the man. But, he also knew that Jack had come on too strong with Will, and that Will

was very self-conscious about his lack of experience, which left Hannibal nervous of scaring him off either way.

Tonight though. Tonight, he hoped would be the night. A casual dinner with no pretension or social expectations. No need to kiss goodbye on the doorstep when they were already in the house. So many less obstacles between them that hopefully they could finally come together physically. The thought made Hannibal shiver pleasantly... and then the plate slipped through his fingers.

It clattered onto the table without shattering, thankfully, and he went about arranging the setting properly before returning to the kitchen and turning off the oven. He took his time getting everything ready to plate so that he could do that all when Will arrived and have this perfect dinner of risotto ready to serve for the man he very much wanted to cook for again in the future.

Hopefully continuing in the morning with breakfast.

Will rang the doorbell and tried so terribly hard not to shift from foot to foot. He had picked up and dropped off Hannibal from here a few times since they started dating but he had only ever seen the house through the opened door. And it was… intimidating. But he was over that. He refused to be intimidated by Hannibal's wealth and standing when he very much wasn't intimidated by the alpha himself. Oh, he could see why people were and should be, but he had gotten to know the man better than that the last couple of months, and the truth was that Hannibal was a sweet little lamb to the right person. And Will seemed to be that person… hoped he was that person.

When the door opened Will's mouth dropped. Hannibal looked… bad. In the best possible way. His hair was falling in front of his flustered face, his casual clothes - expensive jeans and a beautiful red sweater - were mostly protected by a white apron that had clearly seen too much action in recent times.

"What happened?" Will chuckled as he stepped up into the house, trying to ignore quite how ravishing the man looked so undone and how much he'd like to make him look as undone as that.

Hannibal smiled weakly. "I… had some trouble with the rice."

Well, that explained the thick gloops of what Will had to assume was tomato sauce down Hannibal's apron.

"You look like you just murdered someone." Will laughed, scooping some of the sauce from Hannibal's chest with his finger and sucking it into his mouth. "Well, it tastes delicious, if that's any consolation."

"It isn't." Hannibal huffed, seeming utterly disappointed in himself. He lead through to the dining room as he continued. "It is in fact ruined, and mostly all over the kitchen floor, so that is likely the only taste you will have of it this evening. I'm sorry Will."

Will laughed again. There was something so wonderful about seeing Hannibal in this natural environment - which apparently included a wall of herbs as you do. Especially seeing him so himself and relaxed and lacking in pretension, even if he was clearly unhappy with himself.

Will hummed thoughtfully. “Well, I’m guessing you tasted it as you were cooking it?” Will asked, trying to sound playful as he willed his confidence not to desert him at the last moment… especially with Hannibal looking so damn fucked. And so utterly fuckable.

“Yes of course.” Hannibal replied, a little surprised at the question. He didn’t have time to wonder where Will was going with it before their lips were pressed together. Will licked at the seam of his lips until he opened to him, exploring slow and deep with his tongue before pulling back with a grin.

“Mmm, totally delicious.” Will smacked his lips with a grin.

Hannibal shuddered. The things this man did to him! “I’m suddenly no longer hungry for risotto.”

“Me neither.” Will replied breathlessly.

And then they were tearing at each others clothing until Will was down to a henley tinged pink with tomato spread from the apron; and Hannibal’s pants were around his thighs. He was struggling with Will’s zipper when they somehow ended up on the table. Hannibal’s back and flailing arms hit some of the place settings as he landed. He didn’t hear the smashing of crockery now as it hit the floor, and wouldn’t have cared much if he had.

Will pulled Hannibal’s thickening length free from his silk boxers as he straddled the man’s thighs, groaning at the feel of it in his hands. He ran tentative fingers down to the fleshy knot that was yet to inflate and groaned again. He was painfully hard as he fingered at the base of Hannibal’s cock, feeling it start to fill as Hannibal panted and bit at his lower lip.

“Will…” His name sounded like a permission wrapped in a plea on the other alpha’s tongue and it drew a growl deep from within his throat. Hannibal growled in response and nearly unseated Will as his hips jerked up.

Will moved his hands then, hurriedly undoing his jeans and pulling himself free of his underwear. He was already completely hard, as was Hannibal now, and his knot was also starting to inflate a little in anticipation.

Hannibal caught Will’s eye once he had released himself and watched with tingling pleasure as he stroked himself long and slow a couple of times. Will’s face crumpled in pleasure and Hannibal wasn’t sure he’d ever seen anything more beautiful. It was a vision he wanted again and again as he gave the other man more pleasure than he could possibly imagine - starting now.

Will gasped when Hannibal’s hand took firm hold of him and began to stroke until he removed his own hand entirely and let Hannibal do all the work. He wanted to fuck up into Hannibal’s fist but was sure he might topple if he tried, but it took everything of him not to. It was almost a bitter sweet relief when Hannibal’s hand left him.

He only then realised he had closed his eyes, opening them hazily to see the total lust in his boyfriend's gaze.

"I think we both need this right now Will." Hannibal's voice was a low rumble. "But then I am going to take you upstairs and-"

Will was nodding, only vaguely aware that he was muttering "yes" over and over, as Hannibal took hold of his hips and drew him forward a little further until their cocks rested hard against each other. Will moaned and his hips jerked.

Hannibal took hold of them both - not quite able to circle them in one large hand, but it was enough. His mind seemed to clear to nothing but Will. He had to wonder what knotting each other would be like if just this frottage was overwhelming him.

He moved his hand slowly, carefully. Running his thumb intermittently over both of the slits and spreading the precum. After a few strokes he reached his free hand to his side, groping until he finally found the bottle of olive oil he had meant to clear away and was thankful he had not. Hannibal removed his hands for a moment then in order to drizzle some into his palm. Not perfect but adequate enough for this.

When Hannibal's hand was on him again, Will shuddered and fell forward - his hands ending up either side of Hannibal as he held himself over his now caged boyfriend. Hannibal was gazing at him with a mixture of lust and adoration as he started to work them together again. A smooth and quick slide now - the sound of which echoed off the walls and made his cock throb all the more.

Hannibal's hand worked hard and fast - the pressure of their cocks pressed together bringing Will to the edge of his orgasm much faster than if it were absent. It just took the throb of Hannibal's knot against him for Will to shift all his weight onto one hand and reach between them. He took Hannibal's growing knot in hand and started to knead it.

"Ah…nng..." Hannibal started to become vocal at the touch and his hand stuttered a little.

"Quicker… I'm close…" Will groaned.

Hannibal made another noise that was something between a grunt and a moan, and did as he was told. He gripped harder as he hastened his strokes. He could feel Will's knot inflating and throbbing against his own and it was utter bliss. He cried out as he came, and Will's hand didn't leave his knot and he hoped it never would.

He continued to pump them together a few more strokes to the point of discomfort for himself, until finally Will groaned and his hips stuttered as he spilled between them. At that Hannibal released their cocks on a downstroke and instead wrapped his fist around Will's knot.

He felt it throb as Will continued to cum, and cried out again as he came a second time at the feel of Will grinding down onto him so that their knots pushed together.

Will leaned in and took Hannibal's lips hungrily, barely keeping balance as he went down on his elbow - closing the distance between them and squashing their fisted knots between them. It felt so damn good, crushing them together, with their hands squeezing tight, so it felt almost as though they were knotting each other. Will never had imagined it could ever be this way. He sighed into Hannibal's mouth and pulled back from the kiss.

"I… I like this feeling. It feels like we are… I never thought being with an alpha we could knot each other at the same time." He was breathless but grinning. "I want to lay like this forever."

Hannibal smiled a dopey and sex-addled smile. "I like this too… with you. I… my deflation time is around 20 minutes."

"Same." Will chuckled at the return to matter of fact chat, with their bodies pressed together and knots throbbing.

Hannibal gave a nod. "In that case, I recommend we remain here like this until they deflate."

"And what shall we do whilst we are waiting?" Will asked with a wicked grin - leaning in and taking Hannibal's mouth in another passionate kiss before he could answer.

*

If dinner hadn't been ruined before it likely would have spoiled anyway.

After twenty minutes of kissing and grinding, neither of their knots had deflated and they were both rock hard again. Both cumming once more as the rutted against each other, hands still squeezing each other's knots. They both sighed pleasantly at the next wave of euphoria as their knots became fully enlarged again and the wait started over. This time with sweet and tentative kisses that, whilst pleasant and arousing, were not so much that they didn't, finally, deflate.

Will ached when he finally moved off of Hannibal and stood back down on the floor, pulling Hannibal half up with him until the man was able to find his own feet.

They were a mess. Olive oil and semen had now been added to the stains on Hannibal's rucked up apron, his jeans were around his ankles and he looked even less put together than before. Will's shirt was hanging off him and the henley was pretty much ruined. His softening cock hung out over his unzipped jeans and he was sure the whole thing had done nothing to help tame his wild and fluffy curls.

They both laughed for a moment before looking at the table.

"Well… Care for dessert?" Hannibal asked.

Will grinned. "Only if by dessert you mean more sex."

Hannibal laughed. "Making up for lost time?"

"Something like that."

Will pulled Hannibal to him and enjoyed the feel of their flaccid cocks pressed together through the apron that now separated them. Not that they would remain flaccid for long at this rate.

“So… my refractory period is about thirty minutes.” Will said as he started to kiss along Hannibal’s jawline, enjoying the alpha scent there. So much so that his cock made the valiant effort to twitch.

“Mmm, well… I think I can match that. What shall we do in the meantime?” Hannibal crooned out the words as he felt arousal pooling in his gut when Will’s teeth skated tantalisingly down the side of his neck.

“You can show me the rest of the house.”

It wasn’t a question. And there was enough confidence behind it that Hannibal had no doubt that if he were an omega he would have instinctively complied. As it was, he had no compunction about complying anyway, and even let out a slight groan - alphas always did something to him, and Will Graham was no exception.

“Let’s start with the bedroom.” Hannibal breathlessly suggested before Will’s lips found his and hummed approval into his mouth.

The relocation to the bedroom took more than ten minutes. Between kissing and touching and trying to walk and then more kissing and touching and nearly just giving into laying on the staircase and continuing… they finally made it.

Will was vaguely aware of the ornate surroundings as they continued to kiss and pull at each other’s clothes. When they were both completely naked they were desperately hard and leaking. Will stood back a moment.

“Fuck…” He muttered as he admired Hannibal, his eyes raking over the toned and athletic form, and resting on the gorgeous uncut cock that he had so far felt more than seen. When he finally managed to drag his eyes back up to Hannibal’s face, he realised Hannibal was doing the same. His gaze roaming as Will wondered whether he had that same hungry and awestruck look on his face.

“Will… I…” Hannibal swallowed as he finally looked back up to Will. “I want you. I want you to knot me.”

Will’s heart thud so hard his chest he thought for a moment he had broken a couple of ribs. “Ye-yes…” He managed. He hadn’t been sure at first, not that he hadn’t given it way too much thought, how he wanted their first time to be. He was as desperate to knot Hannibal as he was for Hannibal to knot him, but he knew they had time. He for sure wasn’t going anywhere - probably not physically for days at this rate.

Hannibal took hold of Will’s hand and led him to the sumptuous bed, pulling back the duvet to reveal crisp sheets. When he looked back to Hannibal, there was something between lust and bashfulness there. “How do you want me Will?”

Will swallowed and only just managed to refrain from answering *naked and fuckable at all times.* and managed instead to growl - “present for me.”

Hannibal let out a shuddering breath and complied. This was one of the things he loved about being with alphas. He had done this before with betas, even some omegas, but with an alpha it wasn’t just the knotting that made the act feel so much more satisfying - it was their presence and control. He shuddered when Will’s hand came to rest on the middle of his back. He could feel Will moving behind him, his hand stroking slowly up and down Hannibal’s spine and guiding him gently to lower his upper body further to the bed. Hannibal went willingly and stifled a groan. For someone who had been so hesitant, Will Graham certainly knew what he wanted now.

“Lube?” Will asked, his fingers playing lightly and distractedly over Hannibal’s hips.

It was only when he felt Will rubbing his hard length up and down the crack of his ass that Hannibal replied with a growl “top drawer, next to the bed.”

He felt the loss of Will keenly, as the alpha rattled the drawer open, found the lube and flipped the cap. It felt like an eternity as he listened to the slick sounds of Will’s hand on his own cock, before his fingers touched him. There was that hesitation again - just a split second - before Will pushed two fingers into him. Hannibal cried out at the welcome intrusion and rocked forward with the momentum, before immediately rocking back and taking Will as deep as he could.

“Impatient?” Hannibal asked, panting. He was already clenching his tight ring around Will’s fingers, desperate for more.

“Fuck, sorry... I…” Will started to withdraw his fingers but Hannibal chased them and he stopped. “Is this ok? Fuck, I… I can take two straight off with enough lube… I just…”

“More, please Will… Alpha…” Hannibal breathed the words out, hoping they would settle Will once more. He was already lost in his own thoughts at those words - of how compliant Will would be, how easily he would open for him. So much so his cock was leaking and throbbing as Will started to work the two fingers in and out. Hannibal rocked with the motion, fucking himself on Will’s fingers until Will starts to spread him and he lets out a shaky breath and stills. He only continues rocking slowly once more as he gets used to the stretch and feels Will add a third finger.

He almost wants to beg Will to take him then and there, but he knows he won’t be able to take a knot if he does, so he quietly shatters - a little more undone with each stretch as Will continues.

Will has never done this to someone else before. He’s ridden his own fingers plenty of times, but his only lovers in the past - as few as they were - did not require preparation. There was something so deeply intimate about this that it made his heart swell. This was where his hesitation was - the trust needed to let someone do this, to trust them to prepare correctly and not cause unwanted pain and discomfort. It was a trust he knew he had in Hannibal, even if he had been hesitant to find that out. But there was something burning through his chest at the fact that Hannibal trusted him to do this.

After a few minutes he felt Hannibal loosen a little more around his fingers - his muscles relaxing and accepting Will in a way that made his cock throb.

“Please alpha…” Hannibal moaned.

This time Will knew it to be an invitation. He didn’t hesitate in pulling out his fingers and grabbing for the lube again. He added to the coating that was starting to dry sticky on his cock and then dropped the tube to the bed and took hold of Hannibal’s hips.

When Will pushed inside him Hannibal groaned and pressed his head against his folded arms on the pillow. His cock was throbbing and his knot was aching and partially inflated. He had never desired someone as much as he desired Will and was a little worried that he might pass out from the pleasure of being knotted by the man.

Will began a slow rhythm, a gentle pace for a few long minutes as they both grew accustomed to the sensation of the other.

Will was just glad he didn’t cum as soon as he pushed inside that tight heat. He wanted this to last, in that moment he wanted to stay inside Hannibal forever. This felt so right and perfect, it was all he had ever wanted.

It was only when Hannibal started to make desperate little noises and push back on him that Will changed the angle. He pressed up closer to Hannibal so that his knot was tight against his rim, and began to snap his hips faster. Each thrust had Will’s knot pushing against Hannibal, and Hannibal grunting and crying out intermittently in response. Just when those sounds started to become desperate again, Will thrust in harder, pushing forward and feeling Hannibal push back, until his knot popped passed Hannibal’s rim and inflated the rest of the way - locking them together.

Will continued to thrust, both their bodies rocking as he could do little more than grind against the other alpha, the point where they were tied was tight and giving no leeway. This wasn’t like an omega’s sex, this was all alpha clenching around him. Hannibal’s grunts turned to groans and then to whimpers and finally a sharp growl as he came on the clean sheets beneath him. It only took Hannibal’s constricting muscles around his cock and knot for Will to follow. He groaned and continued to rock as he filled Hannibal.

He wasn’t sure of the last time he had cum so long and so hard. As he thought it was slowing, he felt his balls tighten again and he let out a desperate moan and squeezed his eyes shut as he emptied himself completely within Hannibal - who appeared to be delighted, going by the appreciatively moan.

When Will was sure he had finished cumming, he let his body go lax, draping himself over Hannibal’s gloriously strong frame. After a moment Hannibal repositioned himself slightly to lower them to the bed and they lay there then - panting and sweating. It was nicely comfortable, especially to know that the robust alpha beneath him could take his weight on his back this way so they need not reposition further. And that was very pleasant - his face neatly tucked to the side of Hannibal’s neck - breathing in the sexually charged pheromones there and not resisting laying tender kisses over Hannibal’s scent gland.

Hannibal hummed his pleasure as Will nuzzled at him, enjoying feeling pleasantly stretched and full.

“I think we may need to eat something if we are going to continue this way all evening.” Hannibal muttered through a haze of lust and pheromones.

Will hummed in agreement. “My vote is to call out for pizza.” Even though he already knew well Hannibal’s thoughts on fast food and takeout.

Hannibal was about to protest when Will added -

“Because I don’t want anything to take our time away from me keeping you as filled and knotted as this for the next few hours.”

Hannibal moaned - both at the words and the way Will then ground against his ass to make his point.

“Yes… pizza sounds fine.”

*

When Will woke the next morning he ached in muscles he didn’t even know he had. He wasn’t sure how many hours they had gone on for, all he knew was that he had knotted Hannibal twice before begging Hannibal to knot him.

It had been mind blowing.

Hannibal had started off by laying him on his back on the bed, raising his hips on a pillow and then giving him the makings of the best blow job he’d had in his life. He was just starting to feel his orgasm pooling low in his belly when Hannibal’s mouth had moved to his taint and then further down until Will was writhing and gasping at the thrillingly new sensation of being rimmed.

He’d gone down on an omega once in college and hadn’t been at all enthused about the experience, but his mind was already filled with thoughts of doing this to Hannibal sometime.

By the time Hannibal had removed his mouth and started pumping his lubed fingers into Will, he as a hot mess. Hannibal seemed pretty pleased to find Will could take two fingers with little prep, as he had suggested, and enjoyed adding a third and a fourth before finally fucking him. At which point, Will was already well and truly undone.

When Hannibal had made the mistake of taking hold of Will’s cock to jerk him off, Will came on the first stroke. Every muscle in his body tightened and Hannibal let out a growl before fucking through the constrictions. Will was whimpering and begging Hannibal to knot him from that point on, but Hannibal held out a while longer as his own orgasm crested. He pushed his knot into Will just before he came, shuddering through his orgasm as Will’s cock spurted again in response. When his muscles tightened this time he could feel Hannibal’s knot stretching him wide and he came again just from the sheer pleasure of it.

Will vaguely remembered there being pizza mentioned before all that, but his growling stomach and the fact that they hadn't parted long enough to order food much less eat it, reminded him it hadn't happened.

He stretched in the bed and rolled to find the other side empty and cold, just before Hannibal appeared from across the room and slipped out of the robe he was wearing and crawled, naked, back under the sheets with Will.

He plunged straight into a kiss that left Will breathless before pulling back and saying -

"Breakfast is ready when you are."

There was something glorious about Will Graham in the morning, tired from a night of passion and mussed up. Hannibal had thought so when he rose and watched the man sleeping for a moment, and now as he returned to his lover awake... It was a sight he could gladly wake to everyday of his life.

Will snuggled up against him, rubbing his cheek against the hair on Hannibal's chest to the point where Hannibal knew he would be purring if he was omega.

"Breakfast sounds good." Will muttered, pressing a kiss to Hannibal's nipple, before snaking a hand down and cupping his stirring cock. "As long as we get to come back to bed afterwards."

"I would have it no other way." Hannibal chuckled and then thought for a moment. "In fact, I think there is something you might like to try."

Will pulled back and looked at him quizzically and with no small amount of lust.

Hannibal was suddenly very pleased about his foresight. He had bought the item a couple of weeks ago in the hopes of them making a physical move and it seemed fortuitous it had arrived only a day before their date. He had never used a double knotting masturbator toy before and now it was all he could do to remind himself that they really should eat breakfast first. But he could just imagine the look on Will's face when he saw it -the way he might shudder as they both slid into the toy and it allowed them to rut together until they both knotted - much as they had the day before in their own fists on with a fraction of the effort for significantly greater pleasure. His knot twitched slightly at the thought and that brought a grin to Will's face as his hands tightened around it.

Yes he was exceedingly sure that Will would enjoy his new toy very much… though they really should eat breakfast first.

*

Ten Months Later

"It's next week, I can't believe you haven't sorted this already!"

"Me?" Will was put out by Nigel's gruff tone. Not that he wasn't used to it, or the ridiculous grin that followed. All the while Adam smiled adoringly at him and Will thought - not for the

first time - *you're lucky that treat my brother good you asshole.*

"Nigel, they only just got back from Europe." Adam scalded, even as he smiled. "You said you had someone in mind."

"Yeah, but… she's pretty feisty. I wasn't sure…" Nigel said thoughtfully.

"Bev? She's ok, I mean yeah she's feisty but-" Will started but Nigel cut him off.

"No, not Bev. Well, yes Bev. But my friend, Freddie. I think they would either hate each other or love each other, and either way there would be fireworks."

"Well. I think that sounds perfect." Hannibal grinned. "Feels very apt."

"Are you implying that Will hates me?" Nigel wore an almost identical, if slightly more devious grin.

"I don't hate you Nigel." Will smiled innocently. "I just think you're an asshole."

Nigel laughed heartily and Adam clutched tight to his arm with a grin of his own - "Yeah, but he's my asshole."

Will couldn't help a warm smile at that. He enjoyed the banter he and Nigel had developed since the four of them had started to meet for Saturday brunch. It had sort of been inevitable once Nigel and Adam moved in together - they pretty much were a package deal now. Not that Will could complain. He and Hannibal were equally lost in each other, and Nigel's stupid jokes about a double wedding in the summer had gone from easily dismissed to something a little more interesting.

Will shook that thought from his head even as he looked over at his boyfriend. The gorgeous alpha who had just toured Europe with and had agreed to move in with… and fill the house with loads of dogs. Not that Hannibal was strictly aware of that yet. But, their happiness and his moving out was as good a reason as any to set his current housemate up with someone. That and payback.

"So who is this feisty person?" Will asked.

"Freddie Lounds. Friend of mine from the bar."

Will choked a little as he spluttered the coffee he had been sipping. "The journalist? The redhead who is always blowing up the headlines?"

"Yeah, she's a sweetheart. I mean, she's an asshole but, a sweetheart." Nigel laughed.

"Sounds perfect." Hannibal replied, completely deadpan, which had Will chuckling and Adam grinning.

Will pulled out his phone and dialled. "Hey Bev, quick question - we've got a friend we'd like to bring to your birthday party next week. That cool? Great, great. So… tell me, how do you feel about redheads?"

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!